PLANET
COMICS
No.48
MAY
10c
LOST WORLD
Auro, LORD OF JUPITER
MYSTA of the MOON
AND OTHER Thrilling
STORIES OF THE WORLD
OF TOMORROW!

The SUPER 7 OF THE COMICS...

ON SALE-1ST

ON SALE-25TH

ON SALE-1ST

ON SALE-10TH

ON SALE-1ST

ON SALE-25TH

WHY GUESS? GET THE BEST!

ON SALE-5TH

NEW!

ACTUAL SCREEN THRILLERS PRESENTED IN AN UNUSUAL BOOK!

*Don't miss it!*

ON SALE-25TH

LOOK FOR THE BULL'S-EYE!

FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINES



A FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINE

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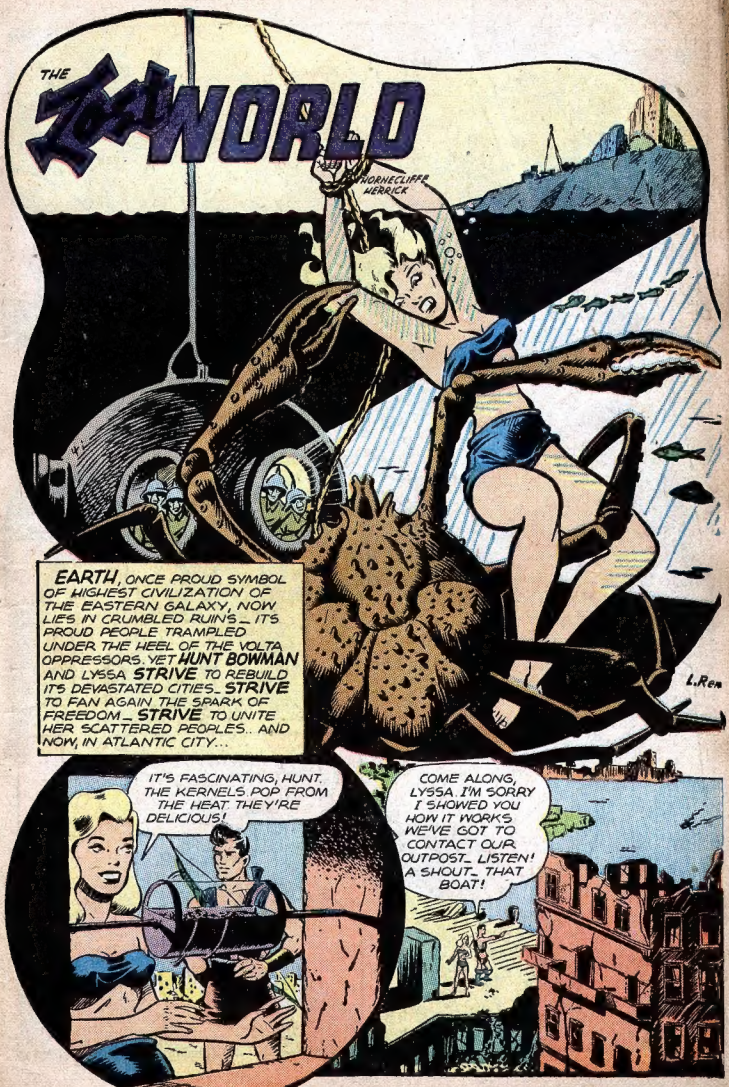
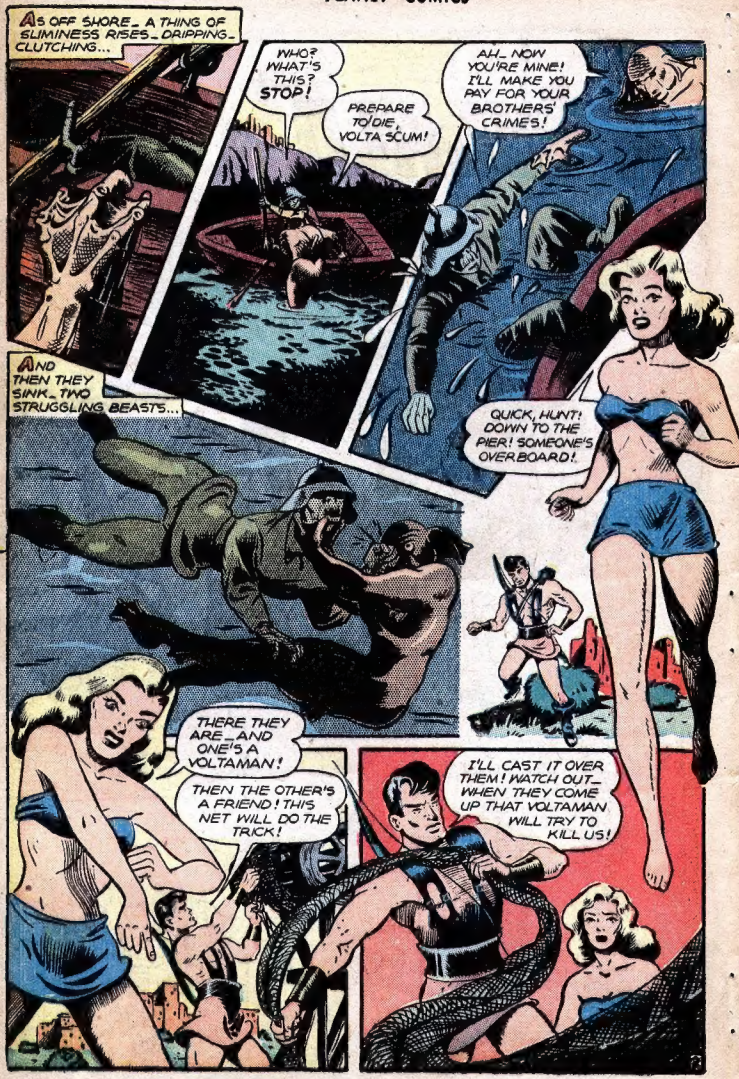
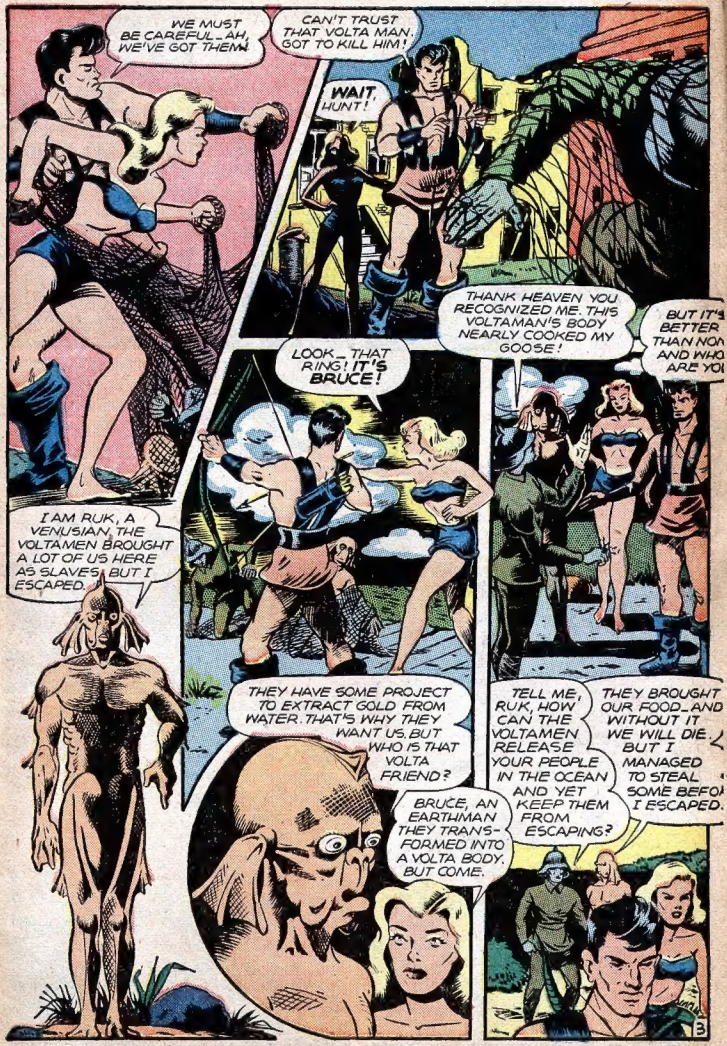
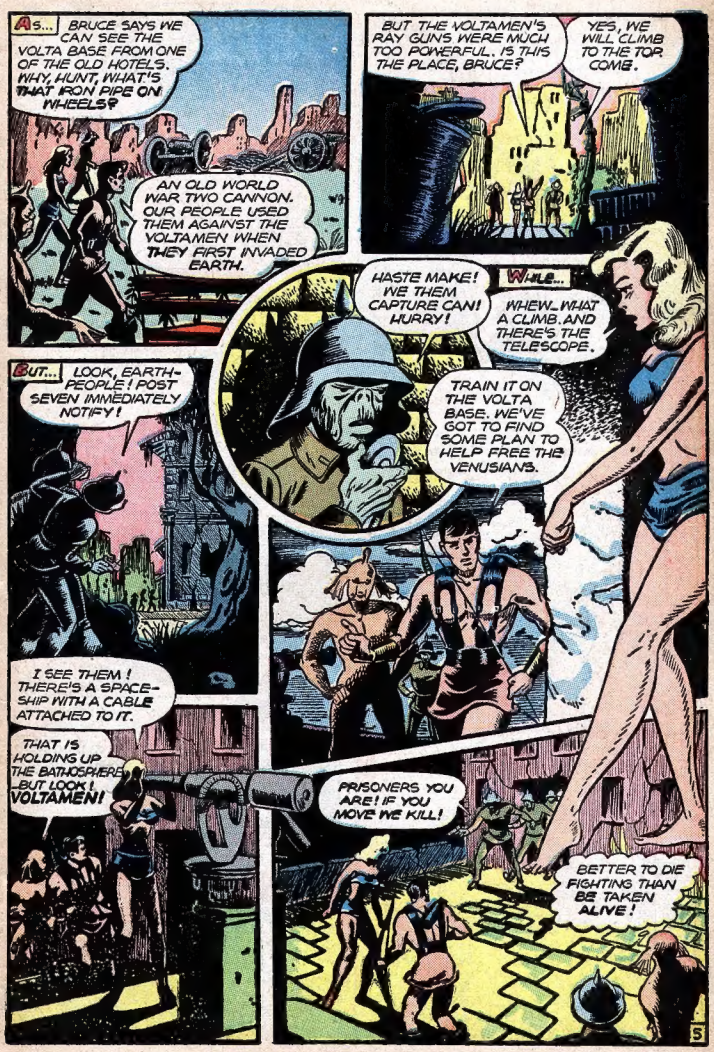
NEXT ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS (No. 49, JULY) ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND MAY 10th.


THE LOST WORLD
CORNELIUS HERRICK
EARTH, ONCE PROUD SYMBOL OF HIGHEST CIVILIZATION OF THE EASTERN GALAXY, NOW LIES IN CRUMBLED RUIN'S_ ITS PROUD PEOPLE TRAMPLED UNDER THE HEEL OF THE VOLTA OPPRESSORS. YET HUNT BOWMAN AND LYSSA STRIVE TO REBUILD ITS DEVASTATED CITIES_ STRIVE TO FAN AGAIN THE SPARK OF FREEDOM_ STRIVE TO UNITE HER SCATTERED PEOPLES.. AND NOW, IN ATLANTIC CITY...
L.Ren
IT'S FASCINATING, HUNT. THE KERNELS POP FROM THE HEAT. THEY'RE DELICIOUS!
COME ALONG, LYSSA. I'M SORRY I SHOWED YOU HOW IT WORKS. WE'VE GOT TO CONTACT OUR OUTPOST_ LISTEN! A SHOUT_ THAT BOAT!

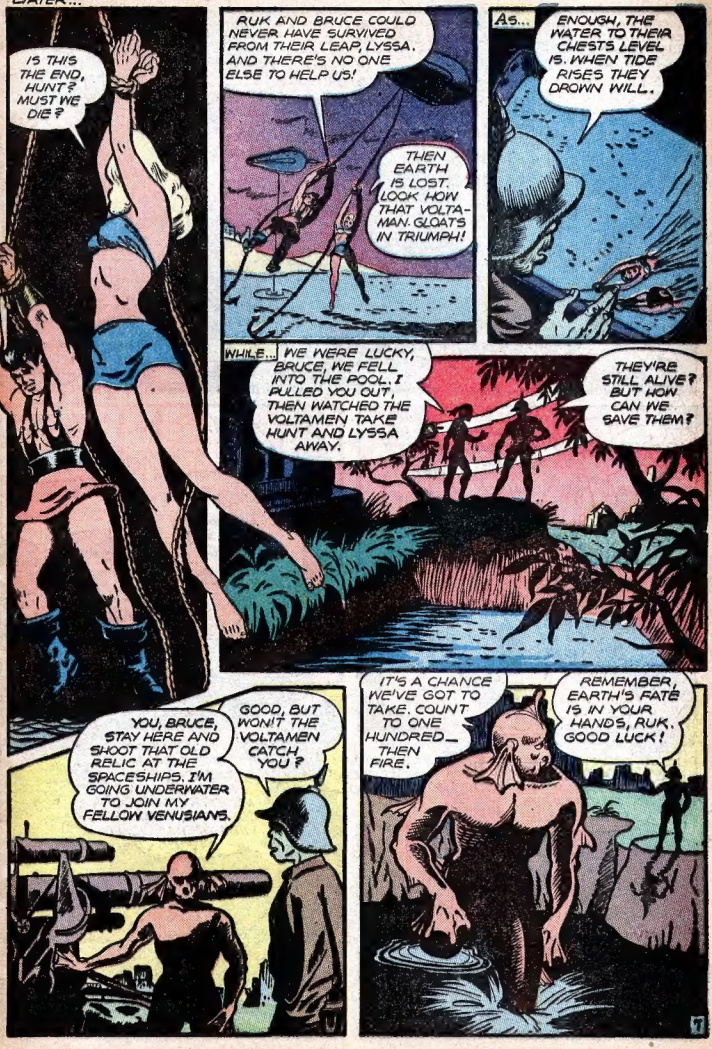

AS OFF SHORE— A THING OF SLIMINESS RISES— DRIPPING— CLUTCHING...
WHO? WHAT'S THIS? STOP!
PREPARE TO DIE, VOLTA SCUM!
AH— NOW YOU'RE MINE! I'LL MAKE YOU PAY FOR YOUR BROTHERS' CRIMES!
QUICK, HUNT! DOWN TO THE PIER! SOMEONE'S OVERBOARD!
AND THEN THEY SINK— TWO STRUGGLING BEASTS...
THERE THEY ARE— AND ONE'S A VOLTAMAN!
THEN THE OTHER'S A FRIEND! THIS NET WILL DO THE TRICK!
I'LL CAST IT OVER THEM! WATCH OUT— WHEN THEY COME UP THAT VOLTAMAN WILL TRY TO KILL US!

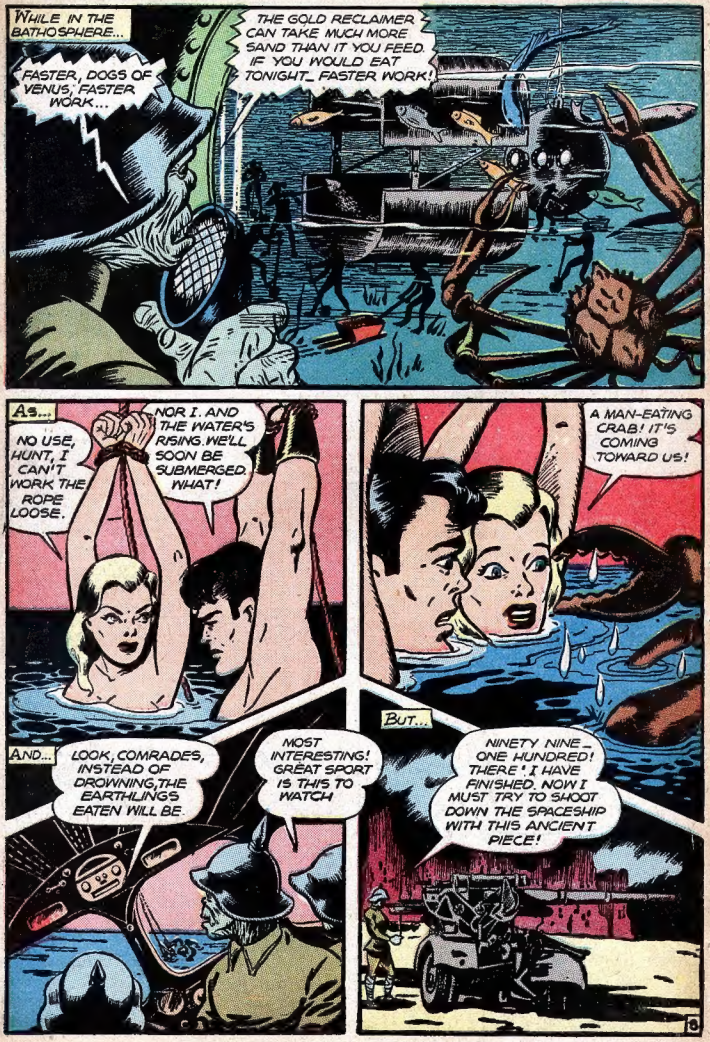

WE MUST BE CAREFUL - AH, WE'VE GOT THEM!
CAN'T TRUST THAT VOLTA MAN. GOT TO KILL HIM!
WAIT. HUNT!
THANK HEAVEN YOU RECOGNIZED ME. THIS VOLTAMAN'S BODY NEARLY COOKED MY GOOSE!
BUT IT'S BETTER THAN NON AND WHO ARE YO
LOOK - THAT RING! IT'S BRUCE!
I AM RUK, A VENUSIAN, THE VOLTAMEN BROUGHT A LOT OF US HERE AS SLAVES, BUT I ESCAPED.
THEY HAVE SOME PROJECT TO EXTRACT GOLD FROM WATER. THAT'S WHY THEY WANT US. BUT WHO IS THAT VOLTA FRIEND?
BRUCE, AN EARTHMAN THEY TRANS-FORMED INTO A VOLTA BODY. BUT COME.
TELL ME, RUK, HOW CAN THE VOLTAMEN RELEASE YOUR PEOPLE IN THE OCEAN AND YET KEEP THEM FROM ESCAPING?
THEY BROUGHT OUR FOOD - AND WITHOUT IT WE WILL DIE. BUT I MANAGED TO STEAL SOME BEFO I ESCAPED.
3

WHILE...
MACHINERY UNLOADED IS, AND BATHOSPHERE READY. THE VENUSIAN DOGS LEAD OUT!
THIS WAY! ALONG FAST STEP. OUR LEADER TO YOU WILL SPEAK!
TO ME LISTEN! INTO WATER THE MACHINERY YOU TAKE WILL. I AND MY MEN IN BATHOSPHERE WILL BE, AND TO YOU INSTRUCTIONS WILL TRANSMIT, NOW GO!
AND REMEMBER, YOUR FOOD WE GUARD. IF YOU ESCAPE TRY, OF STARVATION YOU DIE! THAT MACHINERY CAREFULLY CARRY!
OF ALL OUR CONQUERED PLANETS, THESE VENUSIANS ALONE UNDER WATER CAN WORK.
THEY THE GOLD FROM OCEAN BOTTOM EXTRACT WILL. AH.... NOW SPACESHIP US LOWERS.
LOOK, THEY PUTTING UP MACHINERY ARE. CONNECT AQUAPHONE SO ORDERS I CAN GIVE!


As... BRUCE SAYS WE CAN SEE THE VOLTA BASE FROM ONE OF THE OLD HOTELS. WHY HUNT, WHAT'S THAT IRON PIPE ON WHEELS?
AN OLD WORLD WAR TWO CANNON. OUR PEOPLE USED THEM AGAINST THE VOLTAMEN WHEN THEY FIRST INVADED EARTH.
BUT THE VOLTAMEN'S RAY GUNS WERE MUCH TOO POWERFUL. IS THIS THE PLACE, BRUCE?
YES, WE WILL CLIMB TO THE TOP. COME.
HASTE MAKE! WE THEM CAPTURE CAN! HURRY!
WHILE...
WHEW... WHAT A CLIMB. AND THERE'S THE TELESCOPE.
TRAIN IT ON THE VOLTA BASE. WE'VE GOT TO FIND SOME PLAN TO HELP FREE THE VENUSIANS.
But... LOOK, EARTH-PEOPLE! POST SEVEN IMMEDIATELY NOTIFY!
I SEE THEM! THERE'S A SPACE-SHIP WITH A CABLE ATTACHED TO IT.
THAT IS HOLDING UP THE BATHOSPHERE. BUT LOOK! VOLTAMEN!
PRISONERS YOU ARE! IF YOU MOVE WE KILL!
BETTER TO DIE FIGHTING THAN BE TAKEN ALIVE!

THERE—THAT'S OUR ANSWER. RUK! BRUCE! THEY'VE GOT LYSSA!
OHHH!
AT THEM, COMRADES! THE EARTH GIRL I HAVE!
THIS WILL STOP HIM— WHAT?
YOUR MEN WILL KILL ME, VOLTAMAN, BUT FIRST YOU DIE!
LET GO, RUK. IT'S ME, BRUCE! HERE COMES ONE OF THEM.
JUMP! OUR ONLY CHANCE!
YES. THAT POOL! BUT WE'RE TOO HIGH UP TO HOPE TO SURVIVE!
THIS WAY, RUK— QUICK!
ALONG GO! YOUR COMRADES FROM THE JUMP DEAD ARE!
WE SHOULD HAVE FOLLOWED THEM, HUNT. FOR NOW WE FACE SOME HORRIBLE TORTURE!
SOON...
TWO EARTH PEOPLE! GOOD! THEY WILL SERVE AS AN EXAMPLE TO ANY OTHERS WHO US DARE DEFY!


LATER...
IS THIS THE END, HUNT? MUST WE DIE?
RUK AND BRUCE COULD NEVER HAVE SURVIVED FROM THEIR LEAP, LYSSA. AND THERE'S NO ONE ELSE TO HELP US!
THEN EARTH IS LOST. LOOK HOW THAT VOLTAMAN GLOATS IN TRIUMPH!
AS...
ENOUGH, THE WATER TO THEIR CHESTS LEVEL IS. WHEN TIDE RISES THEY DROWN WILL.
WHILE...
WE WERE LUCKY, BRUCE, WE FELL INTO THE POOL. I PULLED YOU OUT, THEN WATCHED THE VOLTAMEN TAKE HUNT AND LYSSA AWAY.
THEY'RE STILL ALIVE? BUT HOW CAN WE SAVE THEM?
YOU, BRUCE, STAY HERE AND SHOOT THAT OLD RELIC AT THE SPACESHIPS. I'M GOING UNDERWATER TO JOIN MY FELLOW VENUSIANS.
GOOD, BUT WON'T THE VOLTAMEN CATCH YOU?
IT'S A CHANCE WE'VE GOT TO TAKE. COUNT TO ONE HUNDRED— THEN FIRE.
REMEMBER, EARTH'S FATE IS IN YOUR HANDS, RUK. GOOD LUCK!


WHILE IN THE BATHOSPHERE...
FASTER, DOGS OF VENUS, FASTER WORK...
THE GOLD RECLAIMER CAN TAKE MUCH MORE SAND THAN IT YOU FEED IF YOU WOULD EAT TONIGHT_ FASTER WORK!
AS...
NO USE, HUNT, I CAN'T WORK THE ROPE LOOSE.
NOR I. AND THE WATER'S RISING. WE'LL SOON BE SUBMERGED. WHAT!
A MAN-EATING CRAB! IT'S COMING TOWARD US!
BUT...
NINETY NINE_ ONE HUNDRED! THERE ! I HAVE FINISHED. NOW I MUST TRY TO SHOOT DOWN THE SPACESHIP WITH THIS ANCIENT PIECE!
AND...
LOOK, COMRADES, INSTEAD OF DROWNING, THE EARTHLINGS EATEN WILL BE.
MOST INTERESTING! GREAT SPORT IS THIS TO WATCH

WHILE...
RUK! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? WE THOUGHT YOU ESCAPED!
NO QUESTIONS NOW! PASS THE WORD TO THE OTHERS TO PREPARE TO FIGHT.
WHAT!
THE EARTH PEOPLE! I MUST SAVE THEM FIRST! QUICK, THAT SHOVEL!
ABOVE...
A VENUSIAN TO AID OF THE BOWMAN COMES. NOTIFY COMRADES IN BATHOSPHERE TO USE AQUA RAY AND HIM KILL!
LISTEN!
WE ARE HIT! CLOSE ALL EMERGENCY JETS! NO! NO! TOO LATE!
SPACESHIP INTO WATER CRASHES. OUR CABLE BROKEN IS. WE TO OCEAN BOTTOM SINK!
SAFETY TUBES OPEN. WE TO SURFACE WILL ONE BY ONE BE SHOT. I WILL FIRST GO!

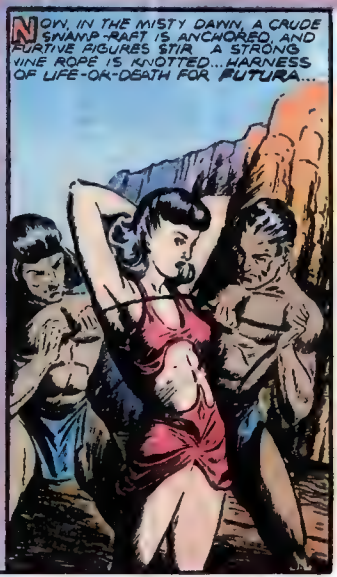
As...
QUICK, HUNT, GO WITH THOSE WHO ATTACK THE VOLTA MEN ON THE BEACH. I'M GOING DOWN TO THE BATHOSPHERE.
YES, RUK. THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO ANNIHILATE THEM!
AH, SO THE LEADER IS THE FIRST TO ATTEMPT ESCAPE!
DIE, VOLTA BEAST. AH! HIS NECK SNAPS!
DEATH TO THE VOLTA HORDE!
COMRADES, THEY LIKE FIENDS FIGHT... OHHH!
WHILE... GOOD, MY BOW! LOOK - THEY SEE US! LET NONE ESCAPE!
LATER.
RUK AND HIS MEN SMASHED THE BATHOSPHERE WINDOW AND KILLED THE VOLTAMEN IN IT!
A GOOD DAY'S WORK. BUT LOOK, THE SHIP TAKES OFF!
THERE GO THE VENUSIANS BACK TO THEIR PLANET TO TRY TO ORGANIZE A REBELLION AGAINST THE VOLTAMEN.
COME, WE MUST GO ON AND VISIT THE REST OF OUR OUTPOSTS!

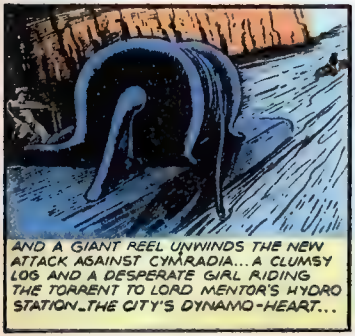
LOST WORLD in every issue of PLANET COMICS!

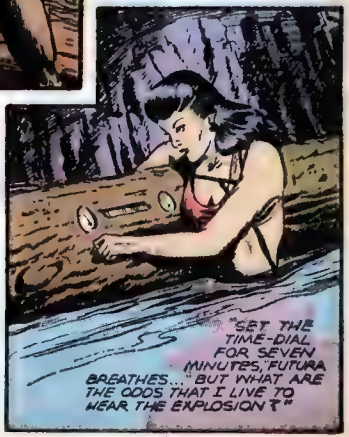
# Futura

by JOHN DOUGLAS

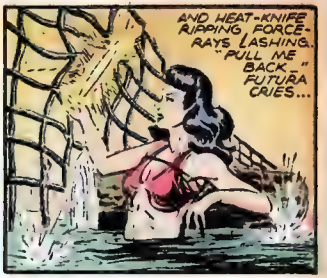
IN THE CYMRAD LABORATORIES THE GREAT EXPERIMENT GOES ON.. STRONG NEW EARTH-SLAVE BODIES FOR THE BRAIN LORDS OF THE UNIVERSE...AND IN THE WILDERNESS NETHERWORLD BEYOND THE CITY WALLS, A FORMER EARTH-SLAVE LEADS THE RAGTAG FEW WHO MUST PIT THEIR PUNY WEAPONS AGAINST THE MARVEL-MACHINES OF THE SUPERMEN OF SCIENCE!

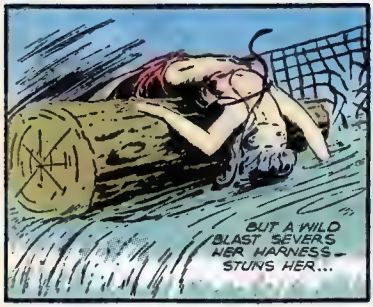

NOW, IN THE MISTY DAWN, A CRUDE SWAMP-RAFT IS ANCHORED, AND FURTIVE FIGURES STIR. A STRONG VINE ROPE IS KNOTTED...HARNESS OF LIFE-OR-DEATH FOR FUTURA...

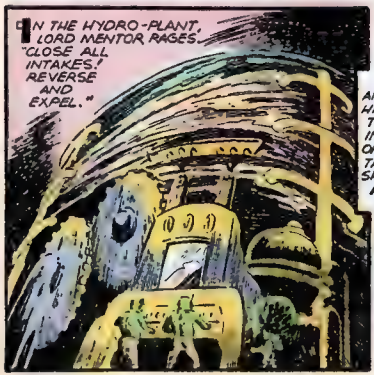

AND A GIANT REEL UNWINDS THE NEW ATTACK AGAINST CYMRADIA...A CLUMSY LOG AND A DESPERATE GIRL RIDING THE TORRENT TO LORD MENTOR'S HYDRO STATION..THE CITY'S DYNAMO-HEART...



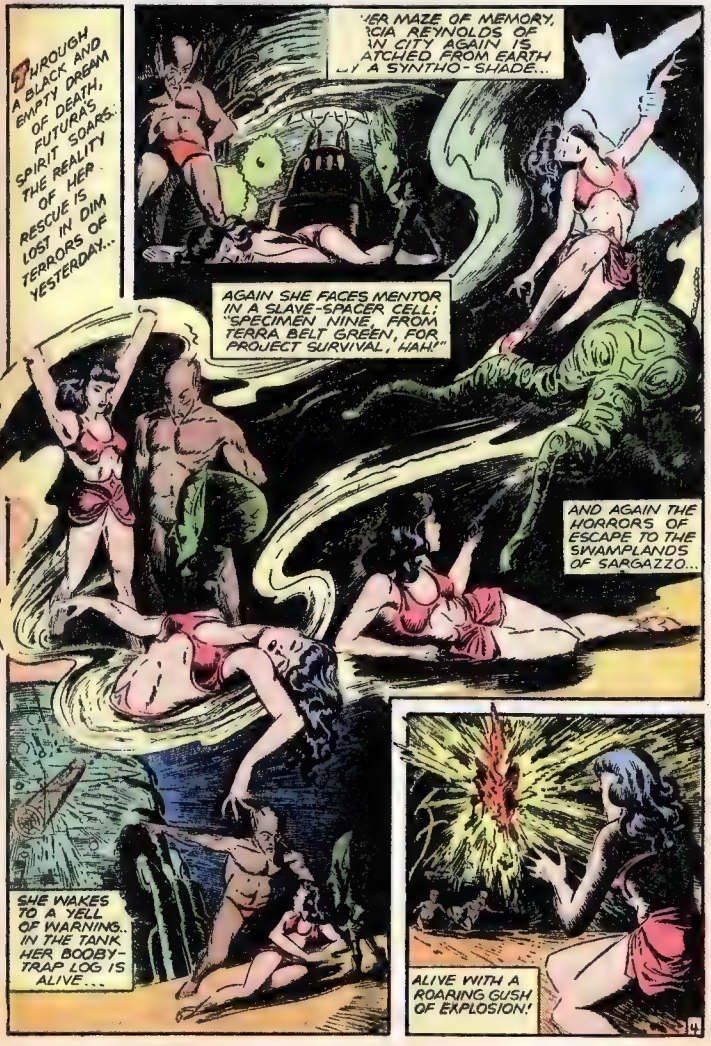
WHILE IN LORD MENTOR'S LABORATORY, THE EXPERIMENTS OF PROJECT SURVIVAL PROCEED... WILL IONTRA'S TRANSPLANTED BRAIN REVIVE IN THE SKULL OF THIS LOWLY EARTH SPECIMEN?
"KINO-REACTIONS STILL SLUGGISH, SIRE!" THE ASSISTANT REPORTS... "COULD THE BLOOD FORMULA BE WRONG?"
"NONSENSE!" RASPS MENTOR. "THIS I-FILM SHOWS THE FAILURE- ATAXIA OF THE MOTOR STIMULUS..."
WE MUST WAKEN THE CELL CORES- ELECTRO-WAVES, THAT'S IT!
THE DYNO-CAP- LET ME HAVE IT, DOLT, AT ONCE..."
"LOOK! THE EYES OPEN- THE TEAR-DUCTS FLOW! SHE IS LIFTING UP-"
BUT AS THE LANGUID FIGURE RISES, A GASP OF ALARM..."THE VIDEO SIRE- EMERGENCY SIGNAL THREE!"
"THE HYDRO-LOCK!" MENTOR SQUEAKS." THAT G-GADFLY G-GIRL AGAIN- ATTACKING!"

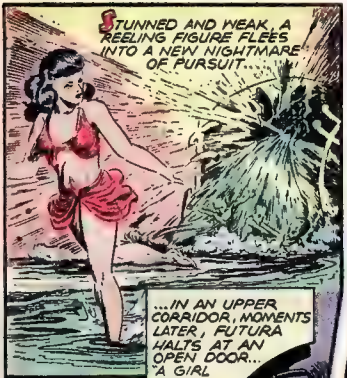


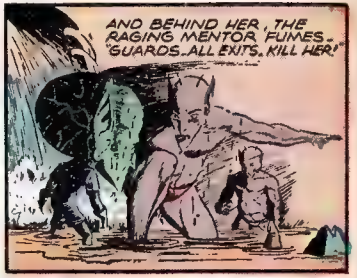



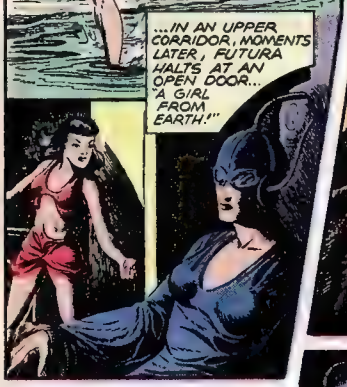


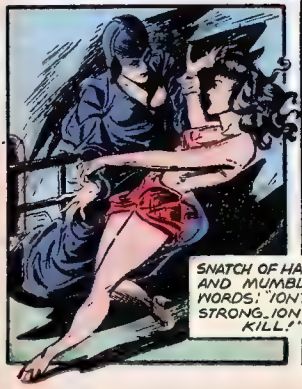

AND SUDDENLY HIS HEART LEAPS, TRIUMPHANT... IN THE SWIRL OF THE FLOTSAM-TANK A PALE SHAPE FLOATS. FUTURA!


THROUGH A BLACK AND EMPTY DREAM OF DEATH, FUTURA'S SPIRIT SOARS... THE REALITY OF HER RESCUE IS LOST IN DIM TERRORS OF YESTERDAY...
ER MAZE OF MEMORY, CIA REYNOLDS OF N CITY AGAIN IS ATCHED FROM EARTH Y A SYNTHO-SHADE...
AGAIN SHE FACES MENTOR IN A SLAVE-SPACER CELL: "SPECIMEN NINE, FROM TERRA BELT GREEN, FOR PROJECT SURVIVAL, HAH!"
AND AGAIN THE HORRORS OF ESCAPE TO THE SWAMPLANDS OF SARGAZZO...
SHE WAKES TO A YELL OF WARNING.. IN THE TANK HER BOOBY-TRAP LOG IS ALIVE...
ALIVE WITH A ROARING GUSH OF EXPLOSION!
4





THEN THRUST OF BODIES AND TWIST OF BODIES SCUFF OF FEET AND RASP OF BREATH.. AND EVEN AS FUTURA CLAWS IN A LAST GASP OF FRENZY, SHE CAN HEAR THE DISTANT YAMMER- MENTOR COMING!

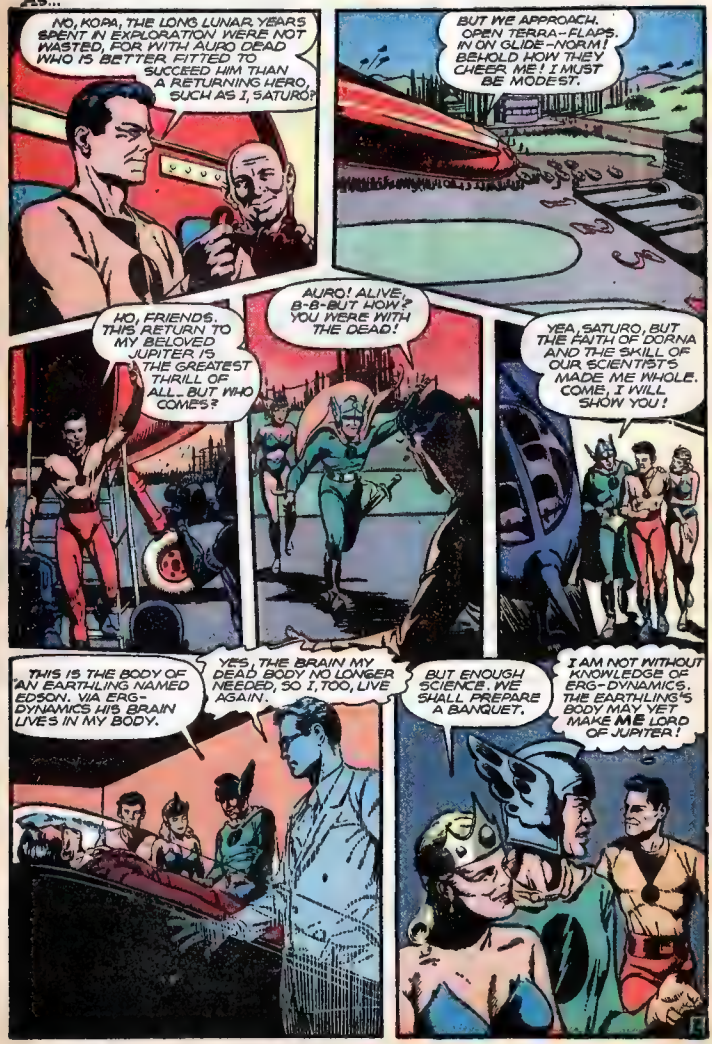
MOMENTS LATER, MENTOR'S TRIUMPH SPIES A SAGGING FIGURE ON THE GALLERY RAMP..
"BLAST HER!" HE SHRILLS.. AND A LIMP FORM SEEMS TO LEAP THE RAIL TO MEET THE FATAL JETS THAT TRIGGER...
DOWN WITH A HORRID THUD.. "BACK!" SQUEAKS MENTOR. "SHE IS MINE!"
"MINE TO DESTROY!" HIS VOICE IS A YOWL OF VICTORY.."AND THUS I EVEN OUR SCORE, EARTH-SCUM!"
ABOVE, A HOODED FORM LOOKS OUT UPON THE ASHES OF LORD MENTOR'S VENGEANCE. "YOUR LIFE OR MINE, IONTRA," LIPS WHISPER."LUCK RODE WITH MY MASQUERADE..."
"HER SENSELESS BODY IN MY COSTUME," FUTURA THINKS..."A RUSH FROM INSIDE THE DOOR AS THEY BLASTED..AND NOW I AM IONTRA.. UNTIL MY LUCK RUNS OUT..."

# AURO LORD OF JUPITER

BY DICK CHARLES

**EXPERIMENT EXISTENCE!** AURO MUST LIVE FOR JUPITER TO SURVIVE, SO TREMBLING SCIENTISTS DEFIED NATURE AND MERGED HIS DEAD BODY WITH AN EARTHLING BRAIN AGAIN! AURO LIVED, BUT **WAS** HE AURO?

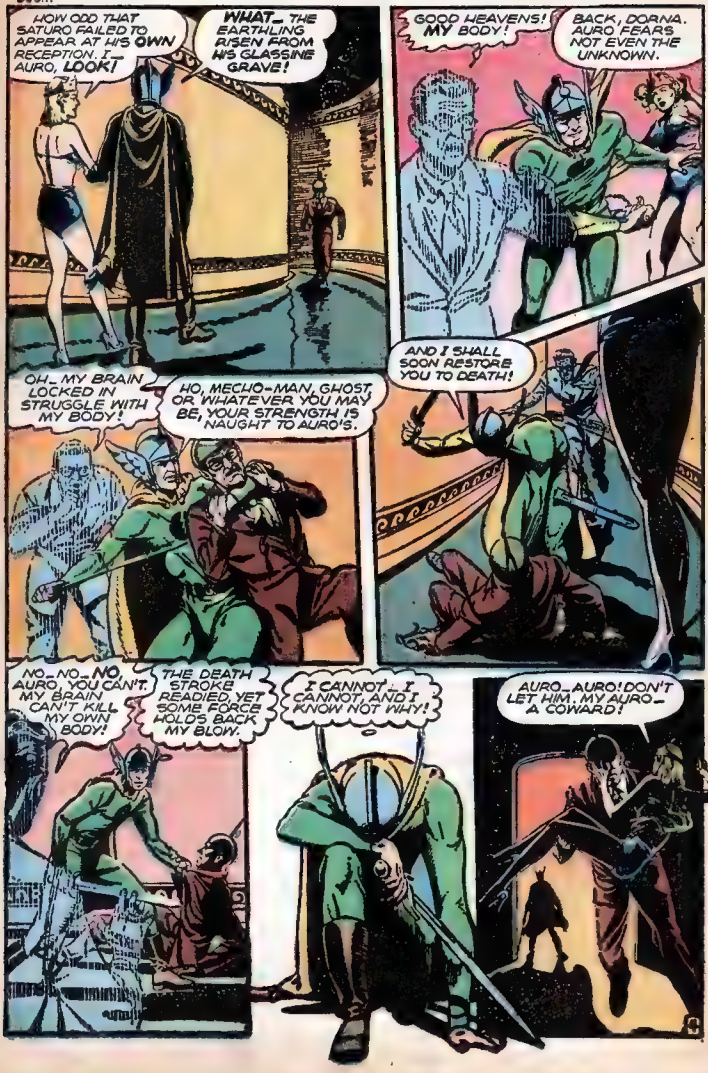
As...

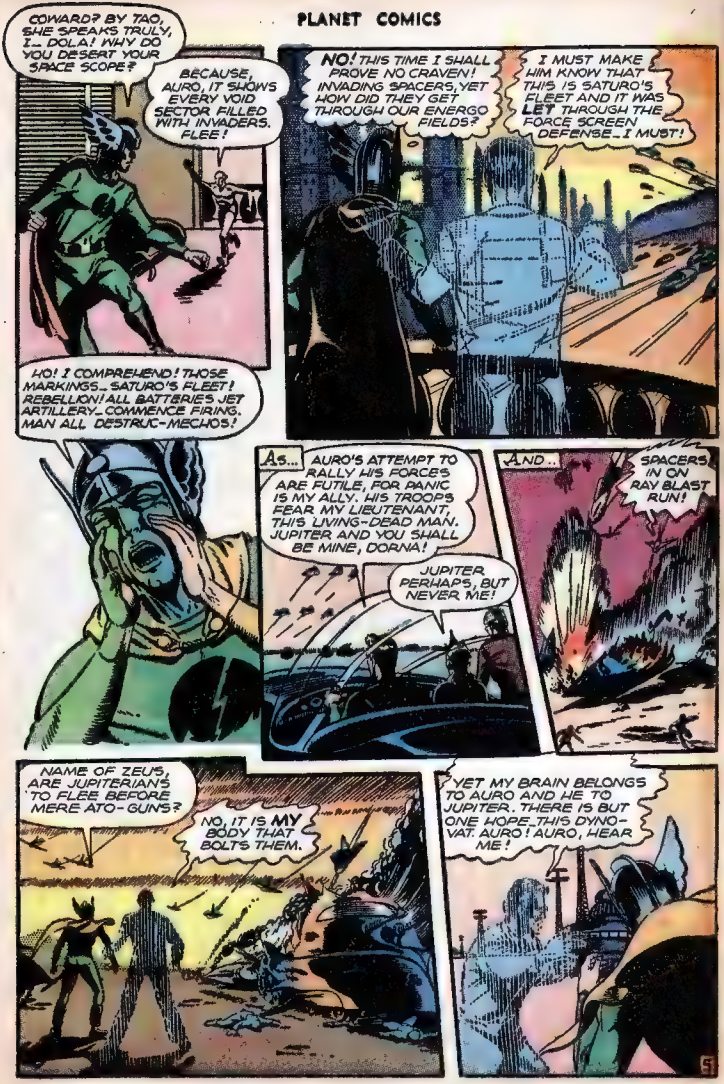

NO, KORA, THE LONG LUNAR YEARS SPENT IN EXPLORATION WERE NOT WASTED, FOR WITH AURO DEAD WHO IS BETTER FITTED TO SUCCEED HIM THAN A RETURNING HERO, SUCH AS I, SATURO?
BUT WE APPROACH. OPEN TERRA-FLAPS. IN ON GLIDE-NORM! BEHOLD HOW THEY CHEER ME! I MUST BE MODEST.
HO, FRIENDS. THIS RETURN TO MY BELOVED JUPITER IS THE GREATEST THRILL OF ALL. BUT WHO COMES?
AURO! ALIVE, B-B-BUT HOW? YOU WERE WITH THE DEAD!
YEA, SATURO, BUT THE FAITH OF DORNA AND THE SKILL OF OUR SCIENTISTS MADE ME WHOLE. COME, I WILL SHOW YOU!
THIS IS THE BODY OF AN EARTHLING NAMED EDSON. VIA ERG-DYNAMICS HIS BRAIN LIVES IN MY BODY.
YES, THE BRAIN MY DEAD BODY NO LONGER NEEDED, SO I, TOO, LIVE AGAIN.
BUT ENOUGH SCIENCE. WE SHALL PREPARE A BANQUET.
I AM NOT WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE OF ERG-DYNAMICS. THE EARTHLING'S BODY MAY YET MAKE ME LORD OF JUPITER!

SOON...

NAME OF ZEUS, SATURO, I DO NOT SEE HOW THIS CREATURE OF DARKNESS WE SEIZED CAN AID YOU. IT HAS BUT LITTLE BRAIN.
TRUE, BUT WHAT LITTLE IT HAS IS VICIOUS. THE PARALYO-RAY FELLS IT. GOOD!
REFLEXES STUNNED. QUICKLY BRING IT TO THE SECRET SUB-STRATA LAB.
YOU WERE NOT OBSERVED? SPLENDID! NOW THEN, I SHALL CONDUCT MY OWN EXPERIMENT. FETCH THE CREATURE HERE TO THE EARTHLING'S BODY.
FULL PRESSURE OXO-PUMPS, CHARGE PLASMA-ROTARS, INCREASE. IT LIVES! IT LIVES!
RISE! RISE, YOU THING OF HORROR! YOU SHALL HELP ME SEIZE JUPITER!
MY MASTERPIECE! THE BRAIN OF A DARK CREATURE IN HUMAN FRAME.
BRING ME DORNA - AT ONCE!

As...

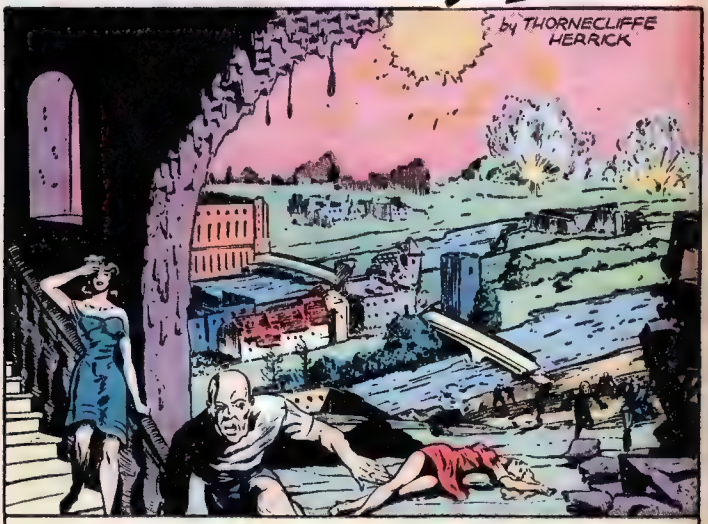

HOW ODD THAT SATURO FAILED TO APPEAR AT HIS OWN RECEPTION. I— AURO, LOOK!
WHAT— THE EARTHLING RISEN FROM HIS GLASSINE GRAVE!
GOOD HEAVENS! MY BODY!
BACK, DORNA. AURO FEARS NOT EVEN THE UNKNOWN.
AND I SHALL SOON RESTORE YOU TO DEATH!
OH... MY BRAIN LOCKED IN STRUGGLE WITH MY BODY!
HO, MECHO-MAN, GHOST OR WHATEVER YOU MAY BE, YOUR STRENGTH IS NAUGHT TO AURO'S.
NO...NO...NO, AURO, YOU CAN'T. MY BRAIN CAN'T KILL MY OWN BODY!
THE DEATH STROKE READIED, YET SOME FORCE HOLDS BACK MY BLOW.
I CANNOT... I CANNOT, AND I KNOW NOT WHY!
AURO...AURO! DON'T LET HIM. MY AURO— A COWARD!


COWARD? BY TAO, SHE SPEAKS TRULY, I... DOLA! WHY DO YOU DESERT YOUR SPACE SCOPE?
BECAUSE, AURO, IT SHOWS EVERY VOID SECTOR FILLED WITH INVADERS. FLEE!
NO! THIS TIME I SHALL PROVE NO CRAVEN! INVADING SPACERS, YET HOW DID THEY GET THROUGH OUR ENERGO FIELDS?
I MUST MAKE HIM KNOW THAT THIS IS SATURO'S FLEET AND IT WAS LET THROUGH THE FORCE SCREEN DEFENSE.. I MUST!
HO! I COMPREHEND! THOSE MARKINGS.. SATURO'S FLEET! REBELLION! ALL BATTERIES JET ARTILLERY.. COMMENCE FIRING. MAN ALL DESTRUC-MECHOS!
AS... AURO'S ATTEMPT TO RALLY HIS FORCES ARE FUTILE, FOR PANIC IS MY ALLY. HIS TROOPS FEAR MY LIEUTENANT, THIS LIVING-DEAD MAN. JUPITER AND YOU SHALL BE MINE, DORNA!
JUPITER PERHAPS, BUT NEVER ME!
AND..
SPACERS IN ON RAY BLAST RUN!
NAME OF ZEUS, ARE JUPITERIANS TO FLEE BEFORE MERE ATO-GUNS?
NO, IT IS MY BODY THAT BOLTS THEM.
YET MY BRAIN BELONGS TO AURO AND HE TO JUPITER. THERE IS BUT ONE HOPE..THIS DYNO-VAT. AURO! AURO, HEAR ME!

DYNO-VAT— THE ONLY ANSWER TO THAT HETERODYNE-CONTROLLED HORROR!
HO! AURO HAS NO NEED OF TROOPS, SCIENCE IS WORTH A HUNDRED LEGIONS. INCREASE PRESSURE TO CHAOTIC AND—
NOW, SATURO! BEWARE YOUR CREATURE!
AS... HO! THE ROUT IS COMPLETE. I— STAND BACK! BACK, I SAY!
DESTRUCTION OF THE DYNO-VAT HAS FREED CHET EDSON'S BODY FROM SATURO'S CONTROL AND THE DARK BRAIN KNOWS NOTHING BUT TO KILL— KILL— KILL!
SATURO DEAD— HIS TROOPS IN FLIGHT— BUT ONE MENACE REMAINS!
AND AURO ANSWERS IT!
AURO CAN EXPLAIN TO DORNA, YET MY PLIGHT DEFIES EXPLANATION. WHERE BUT IN THE OUTER VOID MIGHT A BRAIN MURDER ITS BODY?

AURO in every issue of PLANET COMICS!

# FUTURE *Facts*




MUCH has been written and said since the discovery of the atom bomb about the possible destruction of the earth. All of this verbiage is deeply concerned with the supposedly impending explosion of atoms which will destroy the world.

What all of these speakers and writers seem to ignore, or to forget is that the greatest danger to the continued existence of our planet lies not in the hands of mere men, but in the continued order of our solar system and universe.

Yes, *Earth can be destroyed—in mere seconds.*

Not by a man made holocaust, but something far more terrible—*destruction from outer space.*

Consider for a moment that the Earth is planet number three in an integral system of nine planets revolving around a central sun. All of these bodies—plus the number of moons, smaller satellites and planetoids—lie in the same special plane. And all of these bodies keep their positions and motions only because of the law of universal gravitation. This law states that any solid body has a certain amount of attraction—pull—for all other bodies. Thus, the solar system keeps its position by this mutual pull of all heavenly bodies for each other. But, if the attraction was increased or lessened, some one planet—if not all—might go hurtling into space, or fall into the sun.

The universe seems to have no end, for where one star galaxy ends, another begins. That life should exist on earth may be considered an accident. And that earth is the only planet to support life is only a foolish supposition. That gives rise to the last, and possibly greatest danger to the existence of earth — *invasion by men from another planet!*

Who can say what weapons they would bring. If the attack came tomorrow, whatever weapons they possessed would be unknown to earth, for the invaders' science would be far beyond earth since they could travel through space. Giant space ships would pour down upon the earth. Heat rays that would turn a person to dust, that would melt the toughest steel might be used. Or the invaders might have a gravitational destroyer. This would destroy the adhesion of molecule for molecule and cause an explosion that would destroy man, city or world depending upon the strength and size of the gun. . . . Perhaps the invader would bring cold rays that would freeze, electric

MAN'S ONLY DEFENSE IS HIS **MIND!**

rays that would destroy living tissue. Or they might start a chain explosion among the hydrogen atoms which would destroy the atmosphere and oceans, for the water molecules would be destroyed and the oxygen used up in supporting the flames.

These possibilities are dreadful to consider. They might happen at any time—and they would come quickly. Before any astronomer or scientist could more than warn the people, the menace would be upon us—past. And the earth would be no more.

But against them all is a defense. No material defense, only the mind of man! As man explores the universe more and more, he will learn new things about this universe in which we dwell. As the dark veil of ignorance is pushed back, man will have a greater understanding of the nature of himself, his world, and the possible life on other worlds. Then, and only then, will man be able to erase all the menaces which constantly threaten him and his world—*from within his civilization and from the recesses of unknown space!*

INVADERS FROM SPACE WOULD ENSLAVE EARTH!

ROTATION ENDS: HALF EARTH FREEZES IN ETERNAL NIGHT!

Another possible means of destruction might come if the earth stopped rotating. Day and night would cease. One side of the earth would boil beneath the suns rays until it became a molten mass of lava. The seas would turn to steam, and the people would be boiled alive. There would be no retreat, for the other side of earth would always be dark. Temperatures would fall far below zero, and an ice age would come which would make those of earth's past look like a child's plaything. The only semi-livable regions would be the twilight zones at either pole which would retain their present climates. Even if man adapted himself to live permanently in such temperatures, the regions could not support all of the human beings alive on earth today. Death would be wholesale; civilization destroyed.

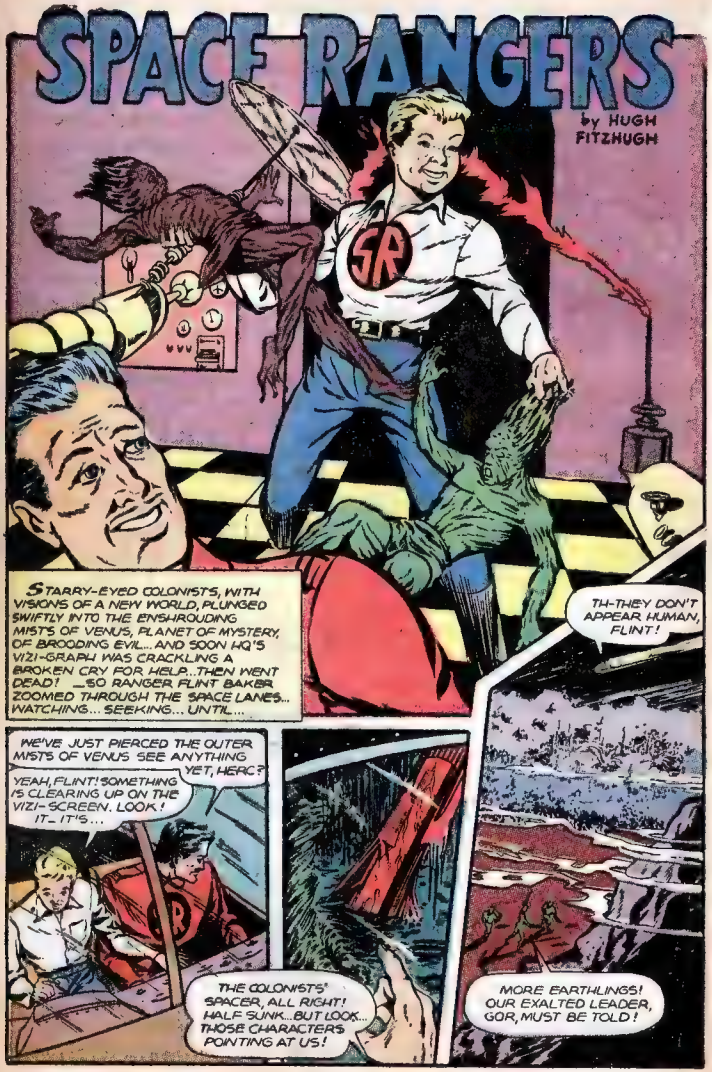
Another possible end of the world might come from a comet or meteor. Although there are a number of theories about comets, all that is really known is that they are spheres of hot gaseous matter which take irregular courses around the sun.

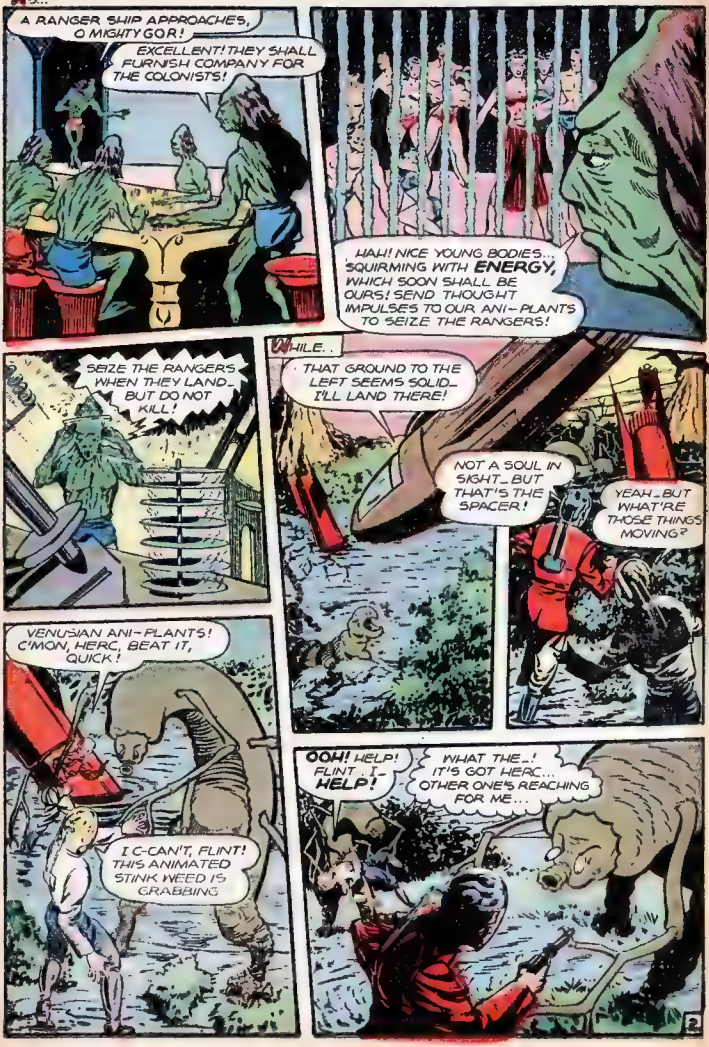
Most famous is Haley's Comet which is scheduled to appear again in 1978. If one of these balls of flaming gas passed too close to earth, life and civilization would be burned away. A collision would not be needed, only a close passing. And, then, too, the comet's gravitational attraction for earth might be so great that earth would fall into the comet.

Meteors are another danger. Thousands of small ones strike the earth every-day, but the friction of the atmosphere against them causes them to burn to dust before they actually strike the earth's surface. Yet, there are pits where giant meteors have struck such as in Arizona. And the naked eye will show what meteors have done to the surface of the moon. Yet, again collision would not be necessary. Should a comet or giant meteor pass close enough to earth, the atmosphere would be torn away or depleted to such a state that world-wide suffocation would take place—*within minutes.*

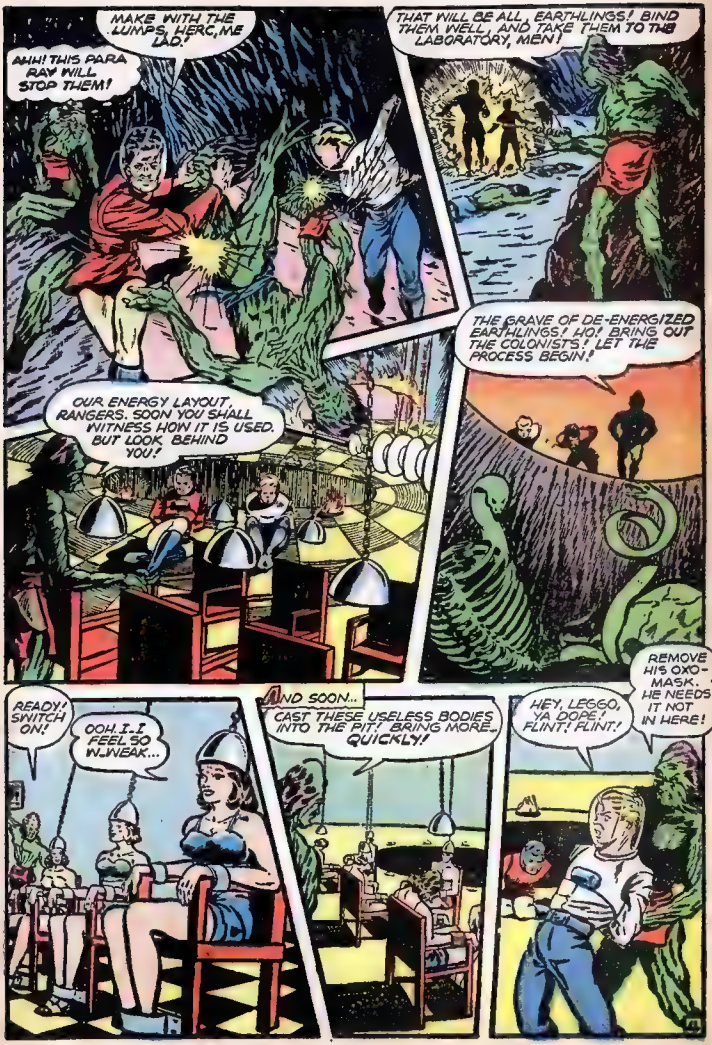
Earth is an infinitesimally small grain of dust when compared to the mammoths that inhabit the vast reaches of the universe.

A COMET MIGHT BURN UP EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE!

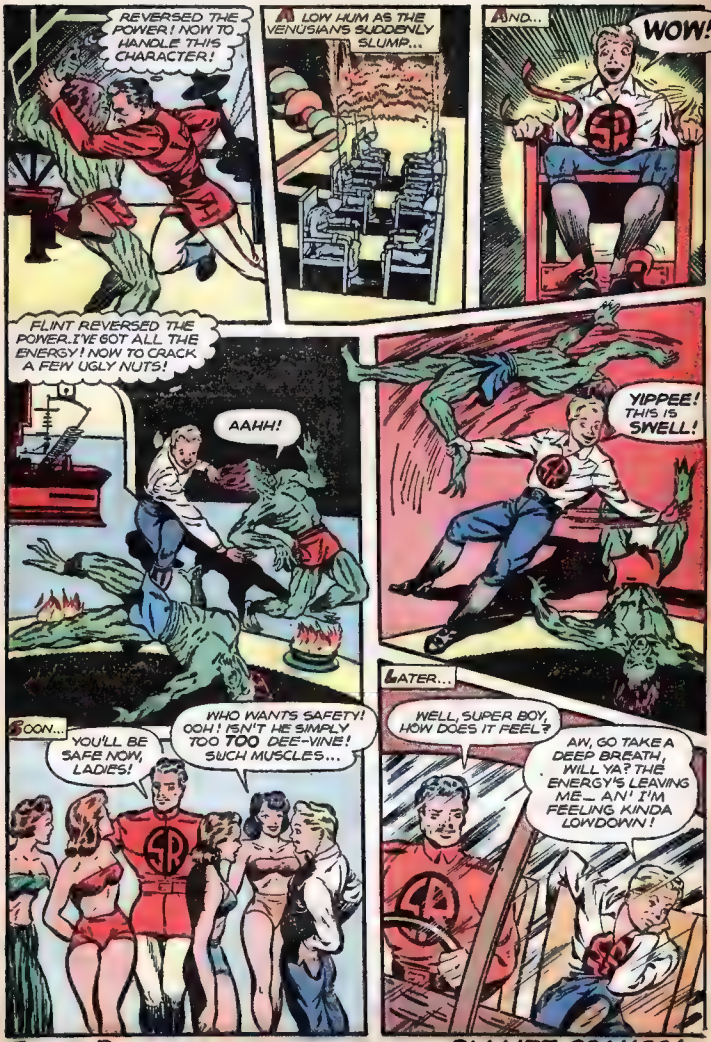

SPACE RANGERS
by HUGH FITZHUGH
STARRY-EYED COLONISTS, WITH VISIONS OF A NEW WORLD, PLUNGED SWIFTLY INTO THE ENSHROUDING MISTS OF VENUS, PLANET OF MYSTERY, OF BROODING EVIL... AND SOON HQ'S VIZI-GRAPH WAS CRACKLING A BROKEN CRY FOR HELP...THEN WENT DEAD! —SO RANGER FLINT BAKER ZOOMED THROUGH THE SPACE LANES... WATCHING... SEEKING... UNTIL...
TH-THEY DON'T APPEAR HUMAN, FLINT!
WE'VE JUST PIERCED THE OUTER MISTS OF VENUS SEE ANYTHING YET, HERC?
YEAH, FLINT! SOMETHING IS CLEARING UP ON THE VIZI-SCREEN. LOOK! IT— IT'S...
THE COLONISTS' SPACER, ALL RIGHT! HALF SUNK...BUT LOOK... THOSE CHARACTERS POINTING AT US!
MORE EARTHLINGS! OUR EXALTED LEADER, GOR, MUST BE TOLD!

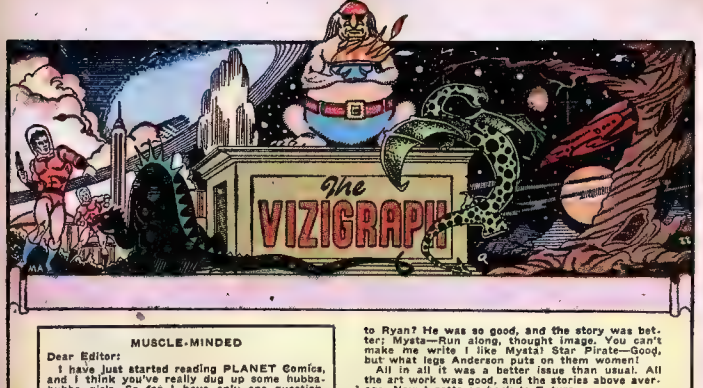

As...
A RANGER SHIP APPROACHES, O MIGHTY GOR!
EXCELLENT! THEY SHALL FURNISH COMPANY FOR THE COLONISTS!
HAH! NICE YOUNG BODIES... SQUIRMING WITH ENERGY, WHICH SOON SHALL BE OURS! SEND THOUGHT IMPULSES TO OUR ANI-PLANTS TO SEIZE THE RANGERS!
SEIZE THE RANGERS WHEN THEY LAND... BUT DO NOT KILL!
While...
THAT GROUND TO THE LEFT SEEMS SOLID... I'LL LAND THERE!
NOT A SOUL IN SIGHT... BUT THAT'S THE SPACER!
YEAH... BUT WHAT'RE THOSE THINGS MOVING?
VENUSIAN ANI-PLANTS! C'MON, HERC, BEAT IT, QUICK!
I C-CAN'T, FLINT! THIS ANIMATED STINK WEED IS GRABBING
OOH! HELP! FLINT... I- HELP!
WHAT THE..! IT'S GOT HERC... OTHER ONE'S REACHING FOR ME...
2

WELL, HAVE A SQUIRT, UGLY!
GOTTA SAVE HERC!
MAKE LIKE A RABBIT, KIDDO! RUN! RUN!
WHEW! HE WAS JUST ABOUT TO USE THAT SCHNOZZ ON ME.
CAN THE GAB... LOOK... THOSE FOOTPRINTS LEAD TO THAT CLIFF...
YEAH! LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF ENTRANCE AHEAD!
IT'S AN ENTRANCE ALL RIGHT!
MAYBE THE COLONISTS ARE HIDING OUT IN HERE, EH, FLINT?
I DOUBT IF THEY'RE HIDING... BUT IT'S SOMEONE'S HANGOUT!
YA MEAN THOSE FOOTPRINTS?
HEY! SUFFERING KNOTHEADS! LOOK! AND MY BLASTER'S EXPENDED!
COME ON, THEN, LET'S PLOW INTO 'EM WITH GOOD OLD FASHIONED KNUCKS!
NOT EXACTLY... BUT DID YOU EVER GET THE FEELING SOMEONE'S WATCHING?
THEY HAVE GONE FAR ENOUGH! SEIZE THEM!
3


MAKE WITH THE LUMPS, HERC, ME LAD!
AHH! THIS PARA RAY WILL STOP THEM!
THAT WILL BE ALL, EARTHLINGS! BIND THEM WELL, AND TAKE THEM TO THE LABORATORY, MEN!
THE GRAVE OF DE-ENERGIZED EARTHLINGS! HO! BRING OUT THE COLONISTS! LET THE PROCESS BEGIN!
OUR ENERGY LAYOUT, RANGERS. SOON YOU SHALL WITNESS HOW IT IS USED. BUT LOOK BEHIND YOU!
REMOVE HIS OXO-MASK. HE NEEDS IT NOT IN HERE!
HEY, LEGGO, YA DOPE! FLINT! FLINT!
AND SOON...
CAST THESE USELESS BODIES INTO THE PIT! BRING MORE... QUICKLY!
READY! SWITCH ON!
OOH. I..I FEEL SO W..WEAK...

SET FOR TWENTY ENERGO UNITS! YOUNG ONE SHOULD GIVE PLENTY.
READY?
THIS FIRE-POT... IF I CAN STAND THE HEAT...
FREE! NOW IF I CAN REACH THAT BIRD AT THE SWITCH!
HOLD THE LINE, BUD! UNCLE FLINT'S TAKING OVER!
WHAT? RANGER! SEIZE HIM!
NAILED HIM...BUT MORE COMING!
AAHH!
BAH! FOOLS, I WILL GET HIM!
THAT'LL HOLD YOU, SLUG! NOW FOR THE SWITCH!
5


REVERSED THE POWER! NOW TO HANDLE THIS CHARACTER!
A LOW HUM AS THE VENUSIANS SUDDENLY SLUMP...
AND...
WOW!
FLINT REVERSED THE POWER..I'VE GOT ALL THE ENERGY! NOW TO CRACK A FEW UGLY NUTS!
AAHH!
YIPPEE! THIS IS SWELL!
LATER...
SOON...
YOU'LL BE SAFE NOW, LADIES!
WHO WANTS SAFETY! OOH! ISN'T HE SIMPLY TOO TOO DEE-VINE! SUCH MUSCLES...
WELL, SUPER BOY, HOW DOES IT FEEL?
AW, GO TAKE A DEEP BREATH, WILL YA? THE ENERGY'S LEAVING ME... AN' I'M FEELING KINDA LOWDOWN!




### MUSCLE-MINDED

**Dear Editor:**

I have just started reading PLANET Comics, and I think you've really dug up some hubba-hubba girls. So far I have only one question. Why does Auro, Lord of Jupiter, have such a masculine looking figure when he never uses his muscles? When Jupiter is doomed, he puts two or three screws together and saves Jupiter. You can't tell me that doing that gives him muscle. Let's have his body do something next time instead of his brain doing it all. Otherwise, you've got a swell book.

Jane Henry
Topeka, Kansas

**Dear Jane:**

We grant that friend Auro features an imposing array of biceps, yet you'll concede that they would avail him little against science. Hence, the mechanical devices.

Dick Charles

### BEEF SHORTAGE

**Gentlemen:**

I would like to congratulate you and the artist that designed the cover for the January No. 46 PLANET Comics. It was different than anything I have ever seen before.

For once a woman is saving a man. Usually it is a man saving a woman. This girl looked like an interplanetary girl should look, except for one thing. She had too many muscles. Take off a few and she will be perfect. The girls in your publication are all right. Any girl that could live in the places you have these girls living in should be built substantially.

Whoever the artist was that dreamed that cover up is a master. Tell him to keep up the good work.

Joanne Bradford
Greene, N. Y.

• • •

### GARNER GATHERS

**Dear Editor:**

On the 10th I rushed into my local book store, plunked down a dime, and whispered in a voice of anticipation, "Have you got it?" Slowly the man handed me my copy of PLANET Comics, and rushed back to his own. Then I looked at the cover. EGAD! Always the same, the eternal triangle. Nothing new—even the cover of No. 43 has the Babe, the Menace, and the anxious looking Hero.

Please, editor, give us something different at least once. Understand, I'm not picking about the art work. It's swell. I just wish I could do as well, but please use another idea. (I've got some whoppers, ha!).

Now as to the stories in PLANET Comics No. 46. Hunt Bowman—As usual, a good standby; Futura—Ah! Make me wish I was an arborete or something to be near her; Auro—Ho-hum—nothing new; Space Rangers—Now here is my problem, what happened to Ryan? He was so good, and the story was better; Mysta—Run along, thought image. You can't make me write I like Mysta! Star Pirate—Good, but what legs Anderson puts on them women!

All in all it was a better issue than usual. All the art work was good, and the stories above average. Now I gotta go back to Futura.

Gene Garner
Panola, Oklahoma

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### FEZ WHO?

**Dear Editor:**

I have been reading PLANET Comics regularly for some time now. Up to three or four years ago, comics were very hard to get here in Alexandria, and I had only read and seen one PLANET Comics. I immediately liked it, as I am interested in astronomy, even if it is in fiction form. That issue was really good; from subjects to drawings, the whole book was perfect. I tried every way to get another copy, but could not. Some time passed before I saw a brand new copy in my local bookshop.

Now I'll give you my opinion on the present PLANET: Lost World. Good The drawings could be much better Aren't the remaining Earthmen ever going to chase the Voltamen? Also, I've noticed that except for Hunt Bowman, all the Earthmen are old fellows

Futura. Very good—subject, drawings, and all

Auro. Good—I noticed that in the September issue the drawings improved greatly

Space Rangers Good, though the drawings in the last few issues have been going from bad to worse I also see that Flint Baker has acquired a new side-kick, Hercules. In that case, what becomes of Reef Ryan?

Star Pirate. Also good, but lumping Jupiterian jelly-beans, where did he get all those big muscles from? His invisible space-ship has a visible door

Mysta. So-so, no remarks

In general, your comic is really good, new or old, and I wouldn't trade it for any other.

Raymond Mamo
Alexandria, Egypt

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### EARTH-BOUND?

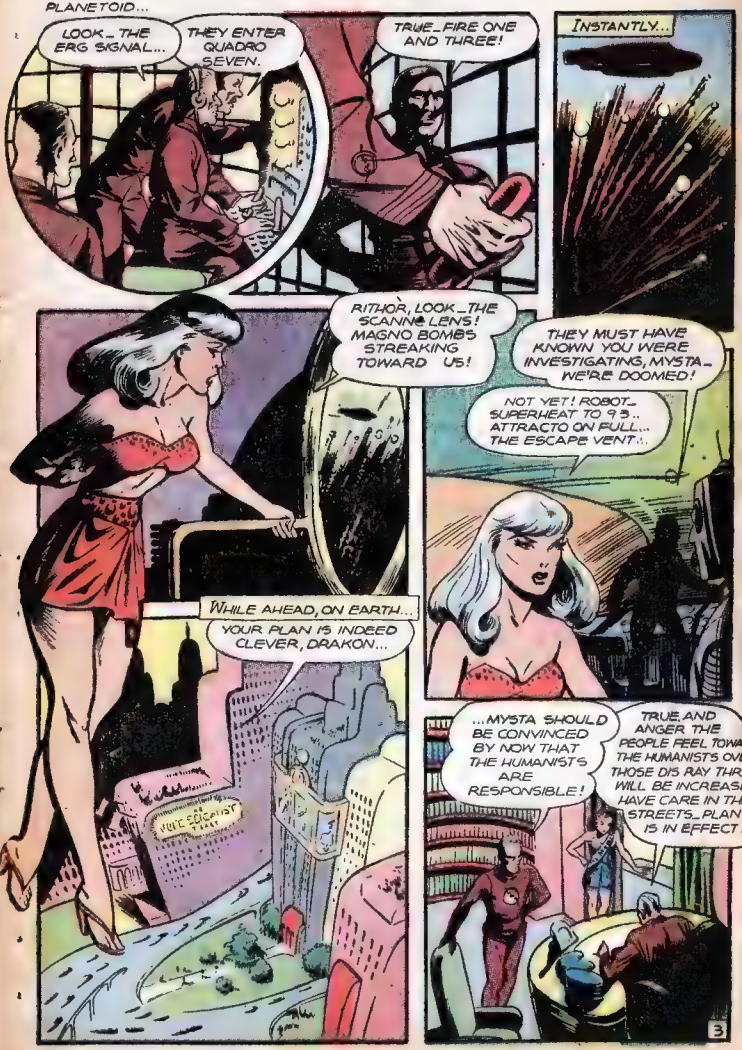
**Dear Editor:**

PLANET Comics needs a complete revision. Lost World is good—except for the Voltamen. They are entirely too human. Their bodies have hands, arms, etc. They breathe our atmosohere, and they speak English. Even their civilization is similar to ours. Futura has the same trouble, although the Brainmen are not as bad as the Voltamen. The scientific part is superb. The Vizigraph is swell. Auro is too human, also. Life on Other Worlds is good—and not impossible Space Rangers is swell, except for the other world life. Why don't you invent future slang? Mysta isn't bad; the scientific language is fascinating. Star Pirate is almost perfect, but as to the other features, why does everything have to be like it is on earth? After all, creatures on other planets would HAVE to have different physical structures to be able to live in the different conditions. And isn't it quite a coincidence that they have the same civilization and language?

Philip Marcus
Chicago, Ill.

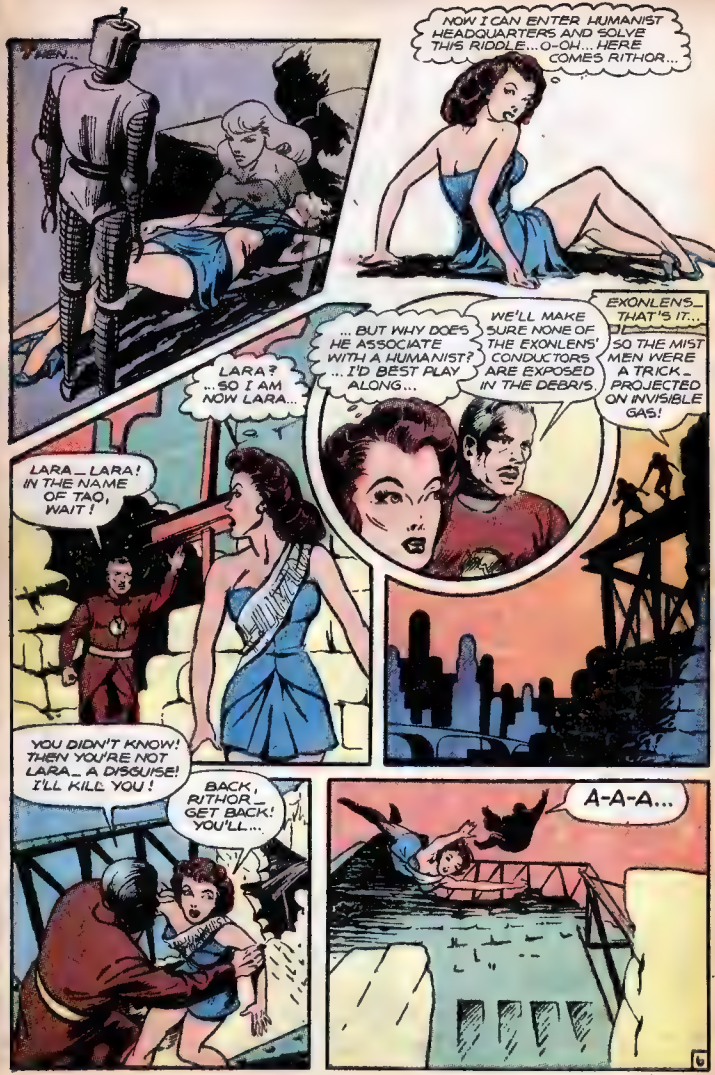
MYSTA
OF THE moon
By
ROSS GALLUN
VOTE HUMANIST! ELECT THE SCIENTIST CANDIDATES! SUCH WERE THE ELECTION-EVE NOTICES ON EARTH. BUT TO THE MOON CAME REPORTS OF A TERROR CAMPAIGN, AND NOW...
MYSTA, WE'RE NEARING EARTH OUTPOST, X-1!
ALL RIGHT, BRON, I LEAVE YOU HERE. RETURN TO THE MOON LAB.
HEAR ME, ROBOT. ENTER THE VOID LOCK AND ADJUST TO NORMAL GRAV.
ENTER VOID LOCK... NORMAL GRAVITY.. (CLICK)

AH, THERE'S THE SCIENTISTS' VICE CHAIRMAN WAITING..
MYSTA, THANK PROVIDENCE! MY SHIP IS READY. YOU'LL SEE WHY I SENT FOR YOU WHILE WE'RE EN ROUTE TO EARTH!
ALL RIGHT, RITHOR! ENTER THE SPACE SHIP, ROBOT!
THE CHAIRMAN OF OUR PARTY IS SCHEDULED TO ADDRESS THE PEOPLE...
HERE'S DRAKON NOW...
FELLOW CITIZENS, ELECT THE SCIENTIST CANDIDATES IF YOU VALUE GOOD GOVERNMENT...
BUT LOOK.. NOW DRAKON'S VOICE IS STILLED. THE TELECHANNELS BEING BLOCKED, AND...
FOOLS.. FOOLS. MY AGENTS WILL BE AT THE POLLS... A D/S RAY AWAITS THOSE WHO MARK THEIR BALLOTS SCIENTIST.
YOU SEE WHAT THEY DO, MYSTA.. EACH TIME WE ADDRESS THE PEOPLE.
AND IF YOU'RE STILL NOT CONVINCED... AH, THE SIGNAL...


WHILE ON A LITTLE KNOWN PLANETOID...
LOOK_THE ERG SIGNAL...
THEY ENTER QUADRO SEVEN.
TRUE_FIRE ONE AND THREE!
INSTANTLY...
RITHOR, LOOK_THE SCANNER LENS! MAGNO BOMBS STREAKING TOWARD US!
THEY MUST HAVE KNOWN YOU WERE INVESTIGATING, MYSTA_ WE'RE DOOMED!
NOT YET! ROBOT_ SUPERHEAT TO 93.. ATTRACTO ON FULL... THE ESCAPE VENT!
WHILE AHEAD, ON EARTH...
YOUR PLAN IS INDEED CLEVER, DRAKON...
...MYSTA SHOULD BE CONVINCED BY NOW THAT THE HUMANIST'S ARE RESPONSIBLE!
TRUE, AND ANGER THE PEOPLE FEEL TOWARD THE HUMANIST'S OVER THOSE DIS RAY THREATS WILL BE INCREASED HAVE CARE IN THE STREETS_PLAN Y IS IN EFFECT!
3

IF ONLY MY ROBOT'S ATTRACTO IS STRONG ENOUGH... NOW, PROPULSION SWITCH...
INSTANTLY...
THEN, WITH A MAGNETIC BEAM, MYSTA RETRIEVES HER UNDAMAGED MECHANICAL SERVANT, AND SHORTLY AFTER, ON EARTH...
THAT SAVED US, MYSTA — BUT THE HUMANISTS WILL STOP AT NOTHING!
IT WOULD SEEM SO — THEY'LL PAY FOR THIS!
THE FOOL... SHE DOESN'T DREAM THE BOMBS HAD BUT ONE TENTH NORMAL CHARGE...
RITHOR SEEMS TO HAVE DISAPPEARED IN THE CROWD... OH — NO! NO, IT CAN'T BE...
LOOK!
FOOLS... YOU BEASTS... THE MIST MEN WILL MAKE CERTAIN YOU DO NOT ELECT THE SCIENTISTS...
THE MIST MEN!
HEADING FOR SCIENTIST HEADQUARTERS!
FLEE!

YOU ARE POWERLESS... POWERLESS AGAINST THE MIST MEN...
FLAILING AT THE WALLS... MYSTA, DO SOMETHING!
I'VE SUMMONED THE I.P. PATROL— LOOK! HERE THEY COME!
THERE THEY ARE, SIR...
THE DIS BATTERIES— FIRE!
THAT EXPLOSION— THE MIST MEN HAVE VANISHED...
LOOK... THE WALLS... CRUMBLING...
HELP! HELP ME— A-A-A...
A HUMANIST— EVEN IN DEATH SHE MIGHT AID ME... MY THOUGHT IMAGE...
ROBOT!
...ADJUST REPELLO FIELD TO 6.1 — GUARD MY BODY WELL!
REPELLO... 6.1 DEGREES... PROTECT MYSTA'S BODY... (CLICK)


THEN...
NOW I CAN ENTER HUMANIST HEADQUARTERS AND SOLVE THIS RIDDLE...O-OH... HERE COMES RITHOR...
LARA? ...SO I AM NOW LARA...
... BUT WHY DOES HE ASSOCIATE WITH A HUMANIST? ...I'D BEST PLAY ALONG...
WE'LL MAKE SURE NONE OF THE EXONLENS' CONDUCTORS ARE EXPOSED IN THE DEBRIS.
EXONLENS_ THAT'S IT... SO THE MIST MEN WERE A TRICK_ PROJECTED ON INVISIBLE GAS!
LARA_LARA! IN THE NAME OF TAO, WAIT!
YOU DIDN'T KNOW! THEN YOU'RE NOT LARA_ A DISGUISE! I'LL KILL YOU!
BACK, RITHOR_ GET BACK! YOU'LL...
A-A-A...

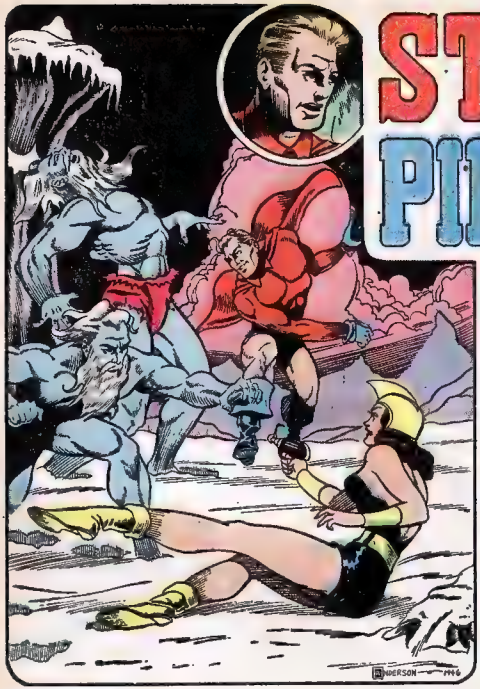
MEANWHILE...
... IT'S THE BODY OF MYSTA, CHIEF... PROTECTED BY HER ROBOT'S FORCE FIELD... KILLED BY THE HUMANISTS' MIST MEN WITHOUT A DOUBT...
HOLD IT, BOYS— A FLASH! GET THIS ON THE PUBLIC VIZIRAD— MYSTA'S DEAD...
MYSTA... DEAD!
DEAD...
ATTENTION... THE FOLLOWING TELECAST IS BROUGHT TO YOU FROM THE SCENE OF MYSTA'S DEATH...
MYSTA... DEAD! OH, NO— IT CAN'T BE!
'BUT IT'S HER BODY— THOSE HUMANISTS ARE RESPONSIBLE!
WE SHOULD LYNCH EVERY HUMANIST IN TOWN!
AS...
LUCKY... BUT RITHOR WAS NOT... HARK... VOICES... COMING FROM THAT WINDOW...
IT WAS A CLEVER SCHEME, DRAKON— PERSECUTING OURSELVES SO THE HUMANISTS WOULD BE BLAMED.
NO ONE WILL VOTE HUMANIST NOW! WHEN OUR OWN HEADQUARTERS WAS DAMAGED BY EXPLODING GAS— WELL, THAT CLINCHED IT!
YES, PEOPLE THINK THE MIST MEN DID IT. BUT DON'T FORGET, DRAKON, THE SERVICES OUR SPY, LARA, RENDERED BY TAO! LISTEN...

LARA! THAT DIS GUN_ HAVE YOU GONE MAD?
YES, COMPLETELY. MAKE NO FALSE MOVE...
As...
SHE'S SERVED HER PURPOSE! I'LL KILL_ A-R-G-H!
YOU'VE REACHED THE END OF YOUR EVIL ROPE, DRAKON!
NOW, YOU OTHERS START SIGNING CONFESSIONS_ QUICKLY. THE INTERPLANETARY PATROL WILL SOON BE HERE.
THERE SHE IS_ AND YOU KILLED HER!
NO_NO! I SWEAR...
LIES WILL NOT HELP YOU HUMANIST DOGS! COME_
LOOK_ MYSTA LIVES!
SHE'S ALIVE!
YES, AND THE SCIENTISTS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE TERROR CAMPAIGN ARE IN THE AUTHORITIES' HANDS! ELECT THESE MEN_THE HUMANISTS_ IF YOU WOULD HAVE JUST LEADERS!

MYSTA OF THE MOON in EVERY issue of PLANET COMICS!

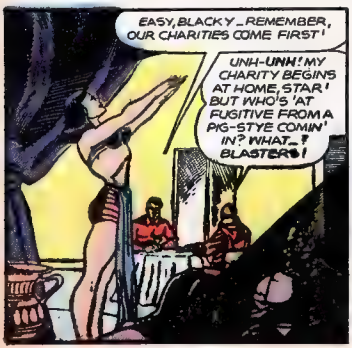
# STAR PIRATE

BY LEN DOBSON



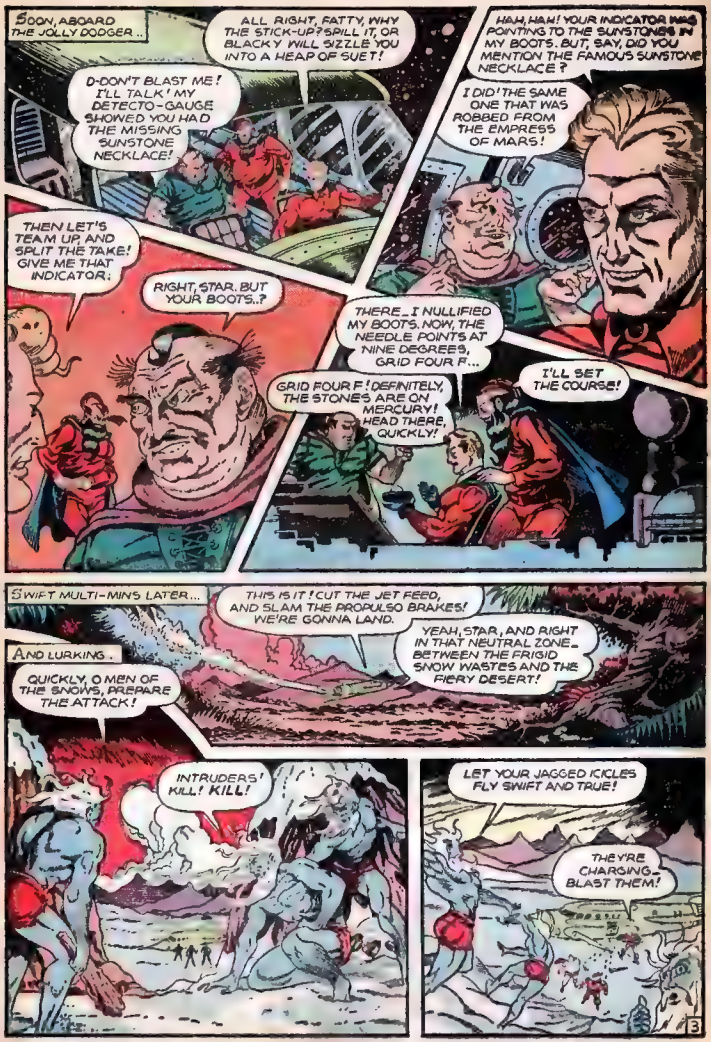
THE LOOT-BINS OF STAR PIRATE, LAUGHING BANDIT OF THE SPACE LANES, WERE FAST SHRINKING. SINCE THE DARING SNATCH OF THE FABULOUS SUNSTONE NECKLACE, THE UPPER VOIDS HAD BEEN EMPTY OF BOOTY; AND THE SITUATION WAS BECOMING MORE DESPERATE BY THE SECOND, WHEN...

MY CHARITIES ARE BEGINNING TO HOWL, BLACK BEARD. HOPE WE HEAR OF SOMETHING COOKING IN THIS DUMP.
YEAH. NOW IF WE COULD LOCATE THE SUNSTONE NECKLACE _ HEY! LOOK!


EASY, BLACKY _ REMEMBER, OUR CHARITIES COME FIRST!
UNH-UNH! MY CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME, STAR! BUT WHO'S 'AT FUGITIVE FROM A PIG-STYE COMIN' IN? WHAT _ ! BLASTER!

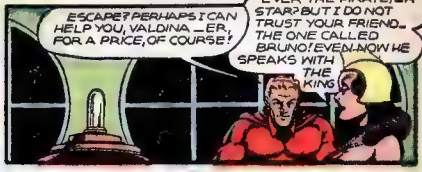
SIT TIGHT, EVERYONE! THIS IS A STICK-UP! COME ON, MEN!
AH! THE INDICATOR ON MY DETECTO-GAUGE IS POINTING! THE SUNSTONES ARE HERE _ HERE!

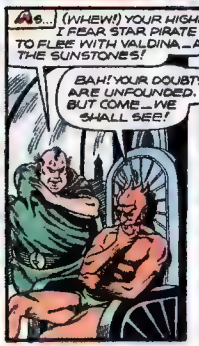
WHO SHALL I BLAST, BRUNO?
RESIST THE URGE, MY IMPATIENT ONE! THE NEEDLE POINTS TO THOSE TWO. SEIZE THEM!
NO FUNNY STUFF! WE GOT THE DROP ON YOU!
ONE CHANCE... MAY WORK...
WHY, YA DIRTY CROOKS!
WHAT TH..? THE LIGHTS!
YEAH.. BUT QUICK! FAT BOY'S GETTING AWAY!
YOU OKAY, BLACKY?
THEN SNAP IT UP AND LET'S GO!
COMIN' STAR!
KEEP MOVING, BRUNO OLD BOY.. AND FAST!
I HAVE NO CHOICE. IT SEEMS YOU HAVE THE UPPER HAND!
DUMP YOUR TORSO INTO OUR JET-CAR, QUICKLY, BEFORE YOUR BUDDIES COME PILING OUT!
TRICKED! WHY, YA CAN'T EVEN PULL AN HONEST STICK-UP ANYMORE!
TA, TA, GENTS... BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME! MAKE FAST TRACKS FOR THE SPACEPORT, BLACKY!

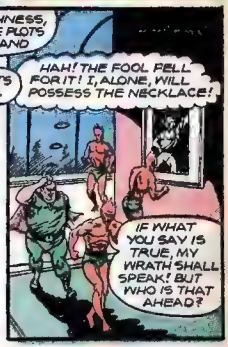

SOON, ABOARD THE JOLLY DODGER..
ALL RIGHT, FATTY, WHY THE STICK-UP? SPILL IT, OR BLACKY WILL SIZZLE YOU INTO A HEAP OF SUET!
D-DON'T BLAST ME! I'LL TALK! MY DETECTO-GAUGE SHOWED YOU HAD THE MISSING SUNSTONE NECKLACE!
HAH, HAH! YOUR INDICATOR WAS POINTING TO THE SUNSTONES IN MY BOOTS. BUT, SAY, DID YOU MENTION THE FAMOUS SUNSTONE NECKLACE?
I DID! THE SAME ONE THAT WAS ROBBED FROM THE EMPRESS OF MARS!
THEN LET'S TEAM UP AND SPLIT THE TAKE! GIVE ME THAT INDICATOR!
RIGHT, STAR. BUT YOUR BOOTS..?
THERE_I NULLIFIED MY BOOTS. NOW, THE NEEDLE POINTS AT NINE DEGREES, GRID FOUR F...
GRID FOUR F! DEFINITELY, THE STONES ARE ON MERCURY! HEAD THERE, QUICKLY!
I'LL SET THE COURSE!
SWIFT MULTI-MINS LATER...
THIS IS IT! CUT THE JET FEED, AND SLAM THE PROPULSO BRAKES! WE'RE GONNA LAND.
YEAH, STAR, AND RIGHT IN THAT NEUTRAL ZONE_ BETWEEN THE FRIGID SNOW WASTES AND THE FIERY DESERT!
AND LURKING..
QUICKLY, O MEN OF THE SNOWS, PREPARE THE ATTACK!
INTRUDERS! KILL! KILL!
LET YOUR JAGGED ICICLES FLY SWIFT AND TRUE!
THEY'RE CHARGING_ BLAST THEM!

CLOSE IN QUICKLY! THEY ARE FEW WHILE WE ARE MANY!
BLASTER'S ALMOST EXHAUSTED! THEY'RE COMING FAST! NOT MUCH CHANCE!
HELP! WE'RE SURROUNDED... CUT OFF FROM THE SPACE SHIP! W-WHAT'S THAT — BLUE LIGHTNING?
AAHH! THE DREADED BLUE BOLTS! FLAME PEOPLE! FLEE!
THOSE RAYS ARE KILLING THEM OFF! BUT WHO'S THAT COMING?
...AND APPEARING ON A BOUNDARY RANGE...BETWEEN THE SNOW REGION AND BURNING DESERT... THE MISTRESS OF THE BLUE BOLTS!
ADVANCE, VISITORS, FOR WE GREET YOU IN PEACE. I AM CALLED VALDINA!
VALDINA? HMM. I MUST TALK WITH THAT BABE. SHE'S NOT ONE OF THESE FLAME PEOPLE.
YES, — THE SAME VALDINA WHO ROBBED THE MARTIAN EMPRESS. I CRASHED HERE, AND THE FLAME PEOPLE HOLD ME AN HONORED PRISONER.
HONORED PRISONER! BUT WHY?
BECAUSE I POSSESS THE POWER TO REPEL THE SNOW-MEN'S ATTACK!
THOSE BLUE BOLTS...BUT HOW?
HMM! INDICATOR'S LOST. BUT THOSE BAUBLES ON THE GIRL ARE SUNSTONES! I MUST HAVE THEM...FOR MYSELF!

LATER, IN THE PALACE OF THE FLAME KING...
SO, THAT NECKLACE YOU'RE WEARING IS THE FAMOUS SUNSTONE, AND HURLS THOSE BLUE BOLTS, EH?
YES, BUT I GROW WEARY OF THIS LIFE. I WANT TO ESCAPE!


ESCAPE? PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU, VALDINA — ER, FOR A PRICE, OF COURSE!
EVER THE PIRATE, EH STAR? BUT I DO NOT TRUST YOUR FRIEND — THE ONE CALLED BRUNO! EVEN NOW HE SPEAKS WITH THE KING!

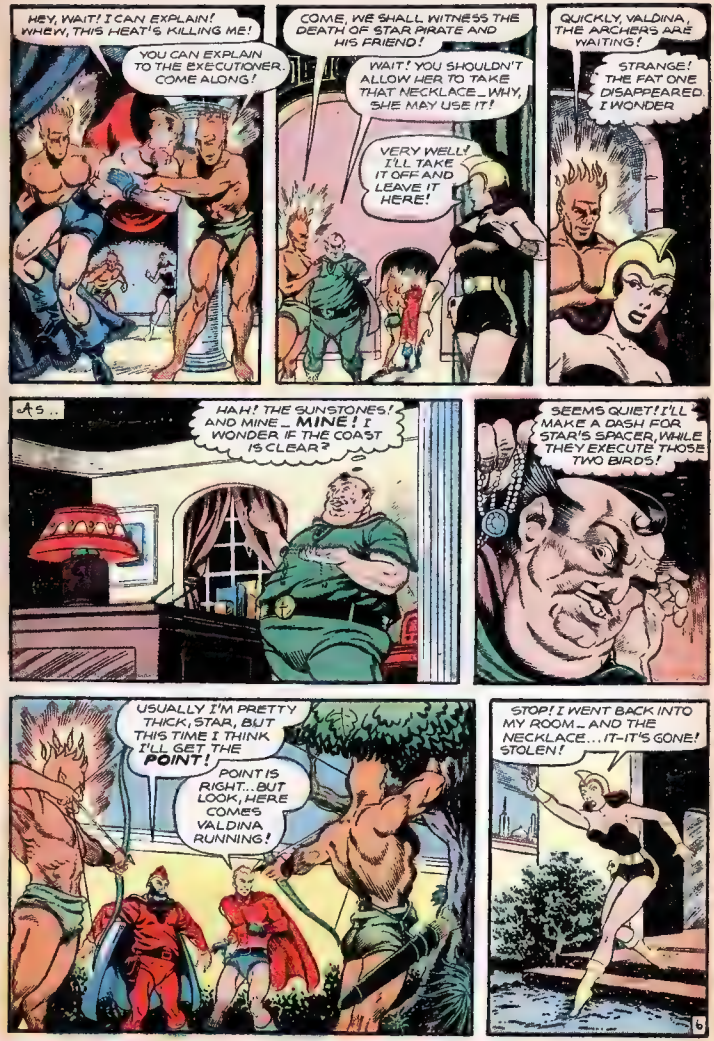

AS... (WHEW!) YOUR HIGHNESS, I FEAR STAR PIRATE PLOTS TO FLEE WITH VALDINA — AND THE SUNSTONES!
BAH! YOUR DOUBTS ARE UNFOUNDED. BUT COME — WE SHALL SEE!


HAH! THE FOOL FELL FOR IT! I, ALONE, WILL POSSESS THE NECKLACE!
IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, MY WRATH SHALL SPEAK! BUT WHO IS THAT AHEAD?

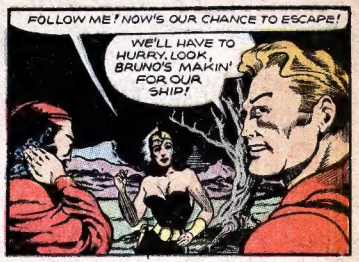
WHY, IT'S THE PIRATE'S FRIEND! AND HE DOZES IN THE HEAT!
QUICKLY, MEN, SEIZE HIM!

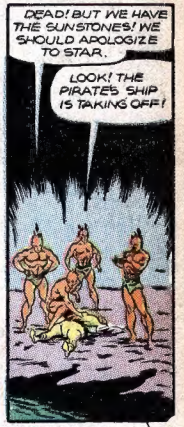
HEY! WHAT THE? STAR...! WATCH OUT! OOF...!
MY DOUBTS UNFOUNDED, EH? LISTEN TO HIM PLANNING HOW TO ESCAPE!
SMASH IN THE DOOR!

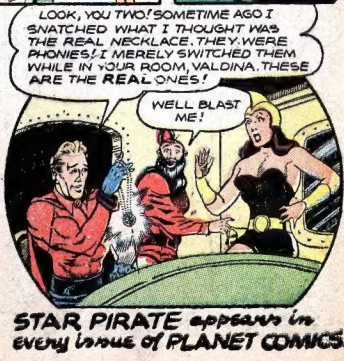
GRAB THE CONSPIRATOR! QUICKLY!
FLAME MEN! I'LL BET MY LAST TAEL THAT RAT BRUNO IS BEHIND THIS!
LOOK OUT, STAR!


HEY, WAIT! I CAN EXPLAIN! WHEW, THIS HEAT'S KILLING ME!
YOU CAN EXPLAIN TO THE EXECUTIONER. COME ALONG!
COME, WE SHALL WITNESS THE DEATH OF STAR PIRATE AND HIS FRIEND!
WAIT! YOU SHOULDN'T ALLOW HER TO TAKE THAT NECKLACE_ WHY, SHE MAY USE IT!
VERY WELL! I'LL TAKE IT OFF AND LEAVE IT HERE!
QUICKLY, VALDINA, THE ARCHERS ARE WAITING!
STRANGE! THE FAT ONE DISAPPEARED. I WONDER
AS..
HAH! THE SUNSTONES! AND MINE_ MINE! I WONDER IF THE COAST IS CLEAR?
SEEMS QUIET! I'LL MAKE A DASH FOR STAR'S SPACER, WHILE THEY EXECUTE THOSE TWO BIRDS!
USUALLY I'M PRETTY THICK, STAR, BUT THIS TIME I THINK I'LL GET THE POINT!
POINT IS RIGHT... BUT LOOK, HERE COMES VALDINA RUNNING!
STOP! I WENT BACK INTO MY ROOM_ AND THE NECKLACE... IT-IT'S GONE! STOLEN!

HOLD FIRE! THESE ARE NOT THE GUILTY ONES. QUICKLY, AFTER THE FAT ONE!
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, STAR?
YEAH, BUT BLACKY'S A LITTLE GLD FOR THESE LAST MINUTE RESCUES!






LOOK, YOU TWO! SOMETIME AGO I SNATCHED WHAT I THOUGHT WAS THE REAL NECKLACE. THEY WERE PHONIES! I MERELY SWITCHED THEM WHILE IN YOUR ROOM, VALDINA. THESE ARE THE REAL ONES!
WE'LL BLAST ME!

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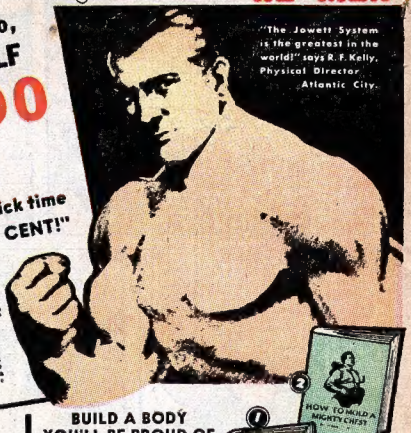


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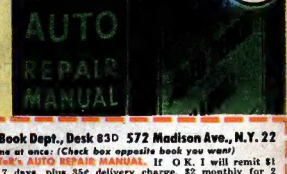


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